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Poetry.

BLUE-EYED BESSIE.

JOHN REYNTON.

Bonnie blue-eyed Bessie,
Roamin' o'er the lea,
Ful' of winsome sweetness
Stole my heart fra me!
Never bird that warbled
Had so sweet a voice!
E'en the flowers to see her
Seemed to a' rejoice!
Queen of a' the lassies,
Dear for aye to me,
Bonnie blue-eyed Bessie,
Roamin' o'er the lea!

Bonnie blue-eyed Bessie,
Sunshine ever brings;
Flowers around her noddin',
Listen while she sings!
At the rosy dawnin'
Lithe she is and gay,
Chasin' a' the shadows
O' the night away!
Queen of a' the lassies!
Dear for aye to me!
Bonnie blue-eyed Bessie,
Roamin' o'er the lea!

Bonnie blue-eyed Bessie
Makes the world, as bright!
Ever weavin' 'round her
Sunshine and delight!
Oh, the winsome promise
She to me has giv'en!
Promise sweet forever—
True as yonder heaven!
Queen of a' the lassies!
Dear for aye to me!
Bonnie blue-eyed Bessie
Roamin' o'er the lea!

THE FARMERS' WIVES.

We have sung the joys of farmers' boys,
And the beauty of the farmers' girls;
Of the farmer, too, in his overalls blue,
Dark eyes and chestnut curls,
It's the strangest thing that none will sing
Of the wasted nerve and lives,
Of the pallid face of the worn out race
Of the weary farmers' wives.

When we recollect that the sad neglect,
And the cares, the worry and strain,
Give a big per cent. to the mad-house sent
With a worn out spune and brain;
It's time to think of woman's ills,
As constantly she strives,
It's time to sing with a doleful ring
Of the pale-faced farmers' wives.

She is the first who wakes when daylight breaks,
And the last to sleep at night,
No noon-day hours, no rest through showers,
The weather is always right.
Like a blind horse bound to a ceaseless round,
No matter how hard she strives
She is never through, there is lots to do
For the busy farmers' wives.

The brawny boys, through toil and noise,
Grow up to man's estate,
And one by one, toward the setting sun,
Pass through the old farm gate;
And the rosy girls, with smiles and curls,
Pass on to brighter lives.
And we've heard, with tears, of broken hearts,
The helpless farmers' wives.

While the farmer's health and the farmer's wealth
Have grown, he can not tell
For his very life what ails his wife,
She is never of late quite well
To his great surprise she up and dies!
He into his coffers dives;
Into a rosewood box her form he locks,
And she sleeps with the farmers' wives.

Now wouldn't it be financially
(Forgive me if I ask it)
More wise to give, while your wife doth live
A rest—than a rosewood casket?
Let her go out doors, when the sunshine pours,
In hurry and toil and drives;
You will find it worse to hire a hearse
For your wornout farmers' wives.

And do not laugh at the epitaph
That I for her would write,
O, holy Judge, what killed this drudge
Was keeping her milk-pans bright;
For years she strove with a cooking stove,
With poor health and no redress!
To her weary soul even this poor hole
Will seem a heavenly rest.

THE END OF THE STORY.

You were standing alone in the silence,
When I passed down the stair that night,
Alone with your thoughts in the shadow,
Away from the fire's soft light,
And never a greeting you gave me,
Not a word from your lips let fall,
As I came from the light to your side, dear,
That night in the old oak hall!

But I knew, ah, so well, the secret
You fancied you kept unseen,
And I hated the pride that was standing
Like a shadow our hearts between.
So I told you, that night, a story,
And you listened as in a spell,
Till I saw that you guessed the meaning
Of the story I tried to tell!

You fain would have silenced me then, dear;
To leave it untold were best—
Too late, for I learned, as you drew me
To your heart that you knew the rest!
And the shadow passed by from between us
Forever beyond recall,
As you whispered the end of the story
That night, in the old oak hall!

Our Story Teller.

DOLLY'S LESSON IN LOVE.

"Tears, idle tears! Niobe dissolved! My dear child, what on earth is the matter?"

Time: 4 o'clock of a summer afternoon. Place: a pretty boudoir, furnished in the fashion of to-day, modelled on the style of Louis Quinze, with a dash of "Liberty" thrown in, and modern accessories, such as crystal flower vases, three-volume novels and photograph stands, juxtaposed with Queen Anne silver and knicknacks, ancient and modern. Dramatis Personæ: a graceful figure in white, flung with an air of desolation on the floor beside a sofa, her charming unique visible beneath decent rows of golden curls, her frame shaken by sobs; an older woman standing a few yards distant, dark, beautifully dressed, "good-looking enough for anything" without being distinctly handsome, aged somewhere within the right side of thirty, and wearing an expression half compassionate, half amused. There is a suspicion of raillery in her voice, which is felt and deeply resented by the fair sorrower. Anger often is often akin to sorrow as pity is to love, and the voice which responds to the question when reiterated is decidedly petulant.

"I wish you would go away and leave me alone."

"I shall not do anything of the sort," returns the other. "I am going to talk to you, and I do not care in the least whether you are angry or not, although I had much rather you would take my remarks in good part."

"O," responds the voice, still smothered in the sofa cushions, but losing nothing of its resentful quality. "I know how clever you are, and that you think that you can manage every one's affairs a great deal better than themselves."

She intends this to be a "nasty one," and, as a matter of fact it does not fall very pleasantly on the ears of her interlocutor; but she sits down on the sofa and replies with good humor: "Well, my love, I may confidently say that I could manage your affairs a great deal better than you manage them yourself, and that if I were you I would have Mr. Clement Lascelles at my feet in a very short time."

"Perhaps you have him there now," says the prostrate one, ceasing to sob and trying to sneer instead.

"Well, Dolly dear, to tell you the truth, I fail myself to recognize in that young man the charm which I observe he has for for some people; indeed, I consider him a poseur, with an exasperatingly good opinion of himself, and, if you ask my candid opinion, I think he would be all the better for being kicked—"

Dorothy flounces up in a moment. "I will trouble you not to insult my friends," she cries, with flaming cheeks. "And it is not very easy to believe your sincerity when he was sitting in your pocket all last night, and you were out walking with him for two hours this morning."

"In any case," replied Mrs. Dalton coolly, "your remarks prove that I have had time and opportunity to form an opinion of his qualities. I don't deny that he is good looking, but it is intolerable that he should be so conscious of it. I admit that he is not without a certain amount of cleverness, and has been fairly well educated; but I violently object to his thinking himself able to sit in judgment on people a good deal older and cleverer than himself."

"On you, for instance!" cries Dolly.

"No, I was not thinking of myself, though I admit the soft impeachment (the one regarding my age, at least); and what I dislike most of all is his placing himself on a pedestal to be looked at and longed for by —by pretty, silly little girls, who ought to know better."

Dolly stiffens her back, and says, with an assumption of dignity which sits indifferently well upon her, "If you will excuse me, I should prefer not discussing Mr. Lascelles with you. You are perfectly welcome to your opinion of him, and I claim the liberty of retaining mine." Then, her majesty suddenly toppling over, she says vindictively, in quite a different tone of voice, "Perhaps you think I am such a fool that I don't see through your mean abuse of him?"

"That I may win and wear him myself?" suggests Mrs. Dalton, quite good-humoredly. "No, my dear and acute child, believe me, you have not fathomed and unmasked my baseness this time. I know your dear and sensitive little heart is set upon this fascinating young man. I don't think there is really any harm in him, and I am magnanimous enough to be ready to show you how to obtain his affections, and to make him the suppliant instead of you."

"Suppliant!" cries Dolly, with fresh flames from her burning heart ascending to her cheeks.

"Yes, suppliant. Every one, my love, can see—he most of all—how you hang upon his smiles, and despair when he is indifferent or capricious."

Wrath makes Dolly absolutely speechless. It looks, etc., etc., Mrs. Dalton would, etc., etc.

"Don't be a goose, Dolly," resumes her friend, not having suffered any visible injury from the lightning glances to which she had been subjected. "Keep your temper, and reap the advantages of my superior age and experience."

"Keep them to yourself!" retorts Dolly, tartly.

"The first I must, whether or no, but the latter shall be yours. Come, dear child, you know I am fond of you, believe me, and I say I would not have your enchanter at a gift, and also that I am desirous to see him subjugated by you. He shall be yours, I promise, and I will only make one condition."

Dolly seats herself on the sofa, and allows Mrs. Dalton to take her hand, though she looks rather sulky. Still, she does, poor little girl, regard Mr. Clement Lascelles as the first prize in the marriage lottery, and is willing to take upon herself his part of the contract; to worship him with her body, and endow him with all her worldly goods. For in a small way she is an heiress, though she is not desitute of money, and has an excellent position. Truth to tell, the young man is not what is called "a bad sort;" he has good looks, good brains, and good manners, when he is not egged on to taking liberties by the silly flatteries of the other sex. Poor Dolly loves him madly, and has innocently shown her pleasure in his notice and her sufferings at his neglect. Mrs. Dalton having paused to give due effect to her words, Dolly, after a moment, is constrained to say rather sulkily, "Well!"

"You must take the vow first."

"What vow?" with latent irritation.

"The vow never to tell any human being —Mr. Lascelles least of all—that I, or, for the matter of that, any one, advised you how to act toward him."

"Oh, of course, I promise."

"Promises are like pie-crust," replies Mrs. Dalton; then, with an air of great solemnity, she goes to a small bookcase at the end of the room, and comes back with a Bible. "You must kiss the book," she says.

"O, no," cries Dolly, frightened. For she knows that she never kept a secret in her life, and is terrified at being put on an oath which she may break in spite of herself, a few hours later.

"Well," says Mrs. Dalton, flamly, "do you want him or do you not?"

"Yes," cries Dolly, with tears in her eyes, "I do."

"Then kiss the book."

"But how do I know there is anything in what you are going to tell me?" says doubting Dolly.

"Because I say so. Do I not know the world and men?"

Dolly takes the book, trembling. "What am I to say?" she falters.

"Say: 'I swear not to tell Clement Lascelles or any other person that Marion Dalton advised me how to win his affections.'"

With a sudden desperate gesture Dolly kisses the book and repeats the formula. "Now then!" she cries excitedly.

Mrs. Dalton takes up her parable. "Clement is awfully fond of you, if you only allowed him."

"If I allowed him!" gasps Dolly.

"Yes," repeats her adviser. "By allowing him I don't mean throwing yourself at his head, and showing him that you adore him, by making him double your drive in his own carpe for purposes of passing you. Different men want different treatment. There is nothing so delightful to some as to see and know that a woman cares for them—it adds ten fold to their devotion for her; but I am bound to say these men are in the minority. Most of them are far more stimulated by doubts and fears—for unless he becomes conscious of his own sex, it is because she has worried and tormented and kept him on a perpetual balance between hope and fear. Now you, and others like you, have so hung upon Clement Lascelles's looks and words, have so positively shown him that he is a great being, that I myself, a rival to Apollo, it is not likely he is coming off his pedestal to worship his worshippers. Your only chance, my dear, is to abandon your worship; to counterfeit indifference as best you may, and to let a gradual and startling conviction come over him that you were not really in earnest, after all."

"It is very easy to talk," pouts Dolly.

"It is very easy to act, too," returns Marian, "if you are positively certain that your plan of campaign is going to be successful."

"How do I know that it will be?"

"Try it for 24 hours and see how it works."

"But I don't know what I am to do."

"You must be absolutely guided by me, and not act for one moment on your own responsibility."

"I dreasy it will turn out all wrong," says Dolly ungraciously, "and that I shall lose him altogether."

"All right," replies Mrs. Dalton, losing patience and rising from her seat. "Do as you like. After all, what on earth does it matter to me whether you are happy or miserable? Go your own way."

Dolly springs up and catches her by the arm. "No, no, Marian, don't be angry. I will do whatever you tell me."

"Then hearken and obey. Dick Wyndham is coming to night, and you know he is rather fond of you. Talk to him, and to him only all the evening. Do not glance in Mr. Lascelles' direction; I will keep my eye on him, and report to you how he takes it. If he approaches you in the evening look bored and distraite, and reply to him by monosyllables."

"I shall never be able to do it," groans Dolly.

"Not with such a big stake to win?" (a little sarcastically.)

"Ah! you don't know what it is to love!" cries Dolly.

"Not as you do, certainly," retorts Marian, with an inflection of voice which Dolly is not acute enough to catch.

Dick Wyndham arrives in time for dinner. He is rather fond of Dolly—he is exceedingly hard up, and wants her money even more than her sweet self. He is bright and amusing, has a considerable fund of small talk, is devoted to sport, and has not Mr. Lascelles's æsthetic taste or lofty manner of showing superiority. He has a quite contempt for a man who talks art and plays classical music as Mr. Lascelles has for one who thinks of nothing but huntidg, lawn-tennis, and polo, though he rides fairly straight and is an average shot himself.

Not a little disgusted is Lascelles, therefore, when Dolly, whose sorrowfulness and tears have greatly soothed his complacency for the last twenty-four hours, seems to have eyes and ears for no one but this half-witted soldier at dinner. She is looking charming in a dress of delicious apricot tint, which he has not seen before (he is a great connoisseur of dress); if he could only catch her eye, he would beam on her one of those glances which would have intoxicated her maiden soul.

But whereas it has been his wont to meet her tender, pleading glances every two minutes heretofore, to-night he might be Banquo's ghost, and she one of Macbeth's guests, for all she seems to see him. His memory serves him up various sneering and savage quotations on the theme of *sexcent femme varie*. He is so little congenial to his neighbor at dinner that she expresses the most unfavorable sentiments regarding him in the drawing-room later on, causing Dolly to hait between the desire to defend him hotly, and a sense of pleasure that some one besides herself has suffered from his coldness. Mrs. Dalton makes a pretext for calling Dolly aside.

"Excellent, my love!" she cries, in high good humor, pressing the girl's arm. "He is enraged beyond measure. He scarcely took his eyes off you. Go on and prosper!"

Thus stimulated, Dolly does go on, and prospers exceedingly. When Mr. Lascelles and Dick approach simultaneously she devotes her whole attention to the latter, and has scarcely a word for the former, who presently retires in tragic dudgeon, and leans against the wall looking like Hamlet, Lord Byron, or any other blighted being in the sulks.

In reality, Dick is the person most to be pitied, although his face is alight with smiles, and his heart aglow with anticipations of possessing a lovely woman and satisfying the debtors who, metaphorically speaking, take him by the throat, crying, "Pay me what thou owest!" Innocent creature that he is, he suspects no treachery, nor dreams that milk-white bosom palpitates for the "infernal young priz" over the way. Dolly will play billiards and lawn tennis with him on the morrow; in the afternoon they are to ride together, and as he sits smoking after the ladies have retired he reflects on the most approved method of asking a certain question.

Up to this moment Clement Lascelles has not seen any necessity for putting his fate to the touch, because he had been absolutely certain of winning; but now that for the first time he has a rival, a rival who is progressing by leaps and bounds in his lady's favor, he sees that something must be done. He cannot have been befooled. She loves him or—or he, the adept at reading the secrets of souls, must for once have been deluded. Perish the thought!

With gloomy brow and stately step he retires from the smoking-room and seeks the solitude of his chamber, but not his couch. The dawn has long been broken ere he courts repose.

"Marian!" cries Dolly, a few hours later, bursting into her friend's room while that lady—no early riser at the best of times—still nestles among her pillows, "read that!" and she seats herself on the bed in a state of great excitement, whilst Mrs. Dalton languidly peruses the letter thrust into her hands.

"I call it great impertinence!" she remarks, returning it to Dolly.

"Impertinence!" with wide-open eyes.

"Certainly!" said Mrs. Dalton, and, taking it back, quotes from it:

"'Though I cannot pretend to offer you the one great passion of a life—sad passages beyond the ken of other mortals have tarnished the pure lustre which once surrounded my soul as with a halo—yet, if you will take a heart weary with the sorrows of the ages, dimmed by the darkling doubts with which an intimate knowledge of humanity clouds the spirit, take me to your tender breast and let me find shelter there from life's griefs and disappointments. What recompense a heart blighted as mine has been can bestow I will strive to make to your angelic sympathy and goodness.'"

"Is it not beautiful?" cries Dolly, in an ecstacy. "I wonder what he means? I suppose some horrid woman threw him over once?"

"I think it is exceedingly impertinent, and I hope you will resent it."

"Resent it!" almost shrieks Dolly. "Why, it is a declaration!"

"Get me my blotting-book off that table," commands Mrs. Dalton resolutely. "Now," she says, fluently running to writes, "you will answer it in this way, or I wash my hands of you, and to-morrow he will have reduced you to abject misery again."

She writes hurriedly for a few minutes, and then, with heightened color, reads the draft aloud:

"Dear Mr. Lascelles,—I have received your melancholy letter, and am truly sorry for all you seem to have suffered. But, for my part, I look upon the world as a very pleasant place, and have made up my mind to enjoy myself as much as possible; so, as I could not console you, and you, with the ideas you express, would make me miserable, I think you had much better look for somebody whose temperament is more like your own. I suppose you mean me to understand that you have been much more in love with some one else than you are with me, which, to say the least, is not very flattering. No! I must have an undivided heart, or none at all.

"Your sincere friend,

"D. S."

There is a desperate fight between Mrs. Dalton and Dolly before the latter can be persuaded to copy and forward what she considers a heartless and flippant missive. In the end Marian triumphs. Mrs. Lascelles does not appear at breakfast, and Dolly, though her soul quakes within her, laughs and talks to Dick.

Later in the morning, when they are playing lawn tennis, Clement Lascelles, feeling much smaller than he has ever done in his life, seeks counsel with Mrs. Dalton. With an angelic smile she alternately pricks him with daggers and makes him gulp down bowls of poison; but she does him an excellent turn by taking a good deal of the conscious out of him. His afternoon ride with Dolly, having spoken and received his answer, Clement Lascelles carries off the young lady to her boudoir, on pretence of wanting to be shown something, and replacing the melancholy of Hamlet by the conquering airs of young Lovelace, tells her that the little fellow considered a moment, and then replied: "There are plenty of other books to read, and there are too many men marrying women older than themselves nowadays." The well bred murmur of laughter that greeted this sally was shared in by the merry young writer, as the recent discussion regarding the matrimonial ventures of two artists had evidently made an impression on the young man, who proposed to stop the thing right there.

ASSISTING NATURE.

Mamma (8 a. m.)—Mercy me! Dot, what are you ringing that big bell for?

Little Dot—This flower in the window (pointing to a bud) isn't waked up yet.

USE NO SUGAR ON OATMEAL.

A Physician's Dictum Upon the Proper Serving of this Common Article of Food.

"Be careful how you eat oatmeal," said a doctor, recently, recently, to a reporter for the New York *Mail and Express*. "Oatmeal is a very healthy food if taken properly. No food is healthy if improperly used."

"How should it be eaten?"

"If oatmeal is eaten in excess of the needs of the body for proper nutrition it overloads and taxes the system. It must not be eaten partially cooked. Flour, cornmeal, rice, and other approved articles of wholesome diet are not healthy if half cooked. If an excess of sugar or other sweets are used it will disagree with many people, causing indigestion. If eaten with for some persons whose stomachs are too delicate to stand rich food. Oatmeal is a healthy food when not used used for overfeeding, when sufficiently cooked, and when not used with an excess of cream or sweets. Oatmeal should be eaten without sweets, using a little milk or cream, a little butter, and seasoned with salt, as the Scotch do."

Parsees in India.

Though the Parsees do not number more than 90,000 souls, and half of them are in Bombay, they are wielding a decided influence in the modern civilization of the East. Long a persecuted race, they were finally driven from their native country 1100 years ago by the Moslems, and settled in Sugat, and from that point have become scattered through India. By their fruits they are known themselves known and efficient members of society. The Queen of England has no more honorable and patriotic subjects in England. They must have a deal of that noble blood of the ancient Persian coursing their veins. They own and occupy some of the best residences in Bombay.

It is refreshing to visit their homes after seeing so many wretched ones in this country. I felt it fortunate to witness a wedding party just at sunset, led by a band of music to the temple in which the ceremony was to take place. There were as many as a hundred in all. The men were attired in their white, loose togas, and the women in their rich silks of striking colors, with the snowy band round the head, crowned with the sari of violet or rose, sea-green or sapphire. The Zoroastrian youth were present with bright faces and glossiest black flowing hair. The whole ceremony would not be finished till 4 o'clock in the morning. The wedding knot should be strongly tied in that time. Divorces very seldom occur among the Parsees.

THE PETS OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

Little Children's Amusing Thoughts and Comments.

New York World.

BRIGHT LITTLE VIRGINIANS.

Eddie went to his grandfather's in the country, and there he saw for the first time, in the barnyard, some dear little pigs with curled-up tails. He said to his father: "Papa, I guess somebody tied knots in the piggies' tails to keep them from ravelling up." He had heard of knots tied in knitting work for this purpose.

When he saw the old turkey gobbler for the first time he seemed distressed and said: "Oh, mamma, somebody ought to tie up his nose. It has all 'bleeded' down on his face and neck."

Ellie's baby brother had a soft spot in his head, as all babies have. One day while her mother was bathing him she said: "Mamma, is the little buddie old enough to be ripe?" Mamma asked what she meant, and the little girl answered: "You told me that the apples were ripe when they got meller, and baby has got a real meller head."

Ellie had always seen the baby's pink fists doubled up. One day while playing with him he opened his hand and spread out all the little fingers. Ellie was so pleased that she called: "Oh, mamma, do come and see how buddie's hand is 'bloomed out.'"

AN INSTANT REMEDY SUGGESTED.

Our little Harry, 4 years old, watched very intently last Sunday while his father was looking for stray gray hairs in his mamma's head. At last he thought he would assist in the search, when accidentally pulling out a brown hair, he exclaimed: "Put this back again!"

A POETIC THOUGHT

Our wide-awake little boy, aged 5 years, wanted to know, during a thunder-storm, whether God was not angry "with the naughty people," and on being told yes, but that that was not the reason of the storm, he exclaimed: "Ah! I know! I guess it is the angels' horses running races on the dark clouds."

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

Little Irene, when twenty months old, had a habit of asking strangers for cents. Her mother told her she would punish her if she asked for any more. Next morning she went to a neighbor's house alone and said:

"I s'pose you've got some tents, Miss Griffie?"

Mrs. Griffin answered, "Yes."

"Well," Irene says, "I s'pose you doing to teep 'em, ain't you?"

She got the cents without asking for them.

DIPITHERIA FOR FISHING.

There are somewhat startling rumors of the prevalence of measles and diphtheria among school children in Binghamton, N. Y. The feelings of the small boys in regard to the latter may be gathered from the following dialogue overheard between two shock-headed ones yesterday:

"Say, I heard school was goin' to be closed because there is dipthery amongst the scholars."

"Is that so? Bully! There is great sucker fishin' in the Suskehanny above the foot-bridge. Dipthery is an ortful disease, ain't it?"

"You bet. Let's go' an' get some lines an' hooks. I tell you, I'm 'fraid of that dipthery."

APPLIED ARITHMETIC.

"It will not do to be careless in your statements in addressing a crowd of boys, as I found out to my chagrin some years ago," says a man who is often invited to talk to the young. "I was visiting a village school, and at the close of the study hour all the children were marched into the assembly room. I was invited to say a few words, and in the course of my remarks threw out the old chesnut about 'any one of you can be President if you are determined enough.' At this point I was interrupted by a little fellow on the front row who jumped up and said: 'Say, Mister, how long does a President hold?' 'Four years,' I answered, wondering what was coming. 'Then some of us fellows would have to be mighty old before we got there,' he retorted. I gave one glance at the hundred or more laughing boys in front of me, and sat down in disgrace."

WHAT TROUBLED THE HEN.

One day the children's grandmother, who lives in the country, brought them a hen and chickens. They were a great curiosity to the children, who had never seen a hen and her chickens before. Charlie listened with astonishment to the clucking of the mother to her brood, then, appearing to solve the mystery, he exclaimed, "Old hen's got the hiccoughs!"

A DEEP DISTINCTION.

Little Winifred was visiting at her aunt's and the children were very much amused by her funny speeches. "You think you ore very smart, don't you?" one of the boys said, teasingly. "Yes, I think I am, but I know better," the thoughtful little girl answered.

HE CALLED A HALT.

At a recent wedding in Boston, a young authoress who is still old enough to be married, in response to the usual toast, "The health of the little eight-year-old son of a friend standing near: "Franz, dear," said the lady, "won't you marry me? Do say you'll have me and I'll write you a book every year." To everybody's surprise the little fellow considered a moment, and then replied: "There are plenty of other books to read, and there are too many men marrying women older than themselves nowadays." The well bred murmur of laughter that greeted this sally was shared in by the merry young writer, as the recent discussion regarding the matrimonial ventures of two artists had evidently made an impression on the young man, who proposed to stop the thing right there.

ASSISTING NATURE.

Mamma (8 a. m.)—Mercy me! Dot, what are you ringing that big bell for?

Little Dot—This flower in the window (pointing to a bud) isn't waked up yet.

A BOLD BLACKMAILER.

Experience of a Gentleman Who "Came Down" and Got Out.

The following story was recently told to the Boston correspondent of the Providence *Journal:* A gentleman who was staying at a hotel in Saratoga was one morning passing down a corridor which led from his room, when a lady who stood in the door of her room accosted him:

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but can you tell me the time?"

He looked at her and judged her to be a respectable and inoffensive person.

"It is 10:30," he replied, consulting his watch.

The woman turned back into her chamber, but instantly wheeled about again.

"I am very sorry to trouble you," she said, "but my clock is stopped, and I do not know how to set it. I have an important engagement in about an hour, and I shall be extremely obliged if you will set it for me."

The gentleman kindly and rashly acceded to her request and stepped into the chamber. On the mantel stood an ordinary traveling clock. He went up to it, took out his watch again, and laid it on the shelf while he proceeded to set the clock. The lady followed him and picked up the timepiece.

"What a beautiful watch," she said.

"Yes," he answered, turning away from the clock, "it is an heirloom."

"I think," the woman observed, "that I will keep this watch."

And as she spoke she showed him in the other hand the key of the door, which she had noiselessly closed and locked. He looked at her a moment in silence.

"Very well," he said, holding out his hand for the key.

She tucked the watch into the bosom of her gown, and gave him the key, smiling serenely. He opened the door and then turned back.

"Upon second thought," he said, with unruffled coolness, "I think I will redeem the watch. It is an heirloom, and I am fond of it."

"Yes," she responded.

"I will give you $50 for it," he said, taking out his pocketbook.

"Very well," replied the adventuress, producing the watch.

He gave her the money, took the watch, and departed, a poorer, but possibly a wiser man.

When this tale was recited at the club, the gentleman who told it, related it as an adventure which had befallen a friend of his.

When he ended, some one asked:

"But why in the name of common sense didn't he ring the bell or kick up a row?"

"He knew better," responded the narrator, with a smile. "He was locked alone in a chamber with a daring and abandoned woman, who would have fought to the last gasp. It was worth more than $50 to him to escape the scandal."

"That is all very well," observed another club man, "but if he had looked the baggage in the face and calmly ejaculated 'Oh, rats!' she would have come down quickly enough."

Which may be true. I am not an expert in such matters, but it does on the whole seem probable that most men who get blackmailed are either victims of foolish cowardice or are conscious that there is that in their past records which makes it wise for them to avoid investigation.

WHY HE DOESN'T MARRY.

A Wealthy New York Bachelor Explains the Situation.

"Why don't you get married, old boy?"

The man addressed rested his head on his hands with a hollow groan. His look was haggard, his eyes hollow, his hair *blase*, but his dress was careful in spite of the splitting head he had raised from his pillow that morning. He was old enough to be a father, had on the temples, with streaks of grey in his thin hair and deep lines in his face. But was a rounder, and he had been making a night of it. And now it was high noon at Delmonico's and he was trying to straighten out his stomach on absinthe frappe.

The other man was an insurance adjuster, a married man, on $5,000 a year, and he thought his old school-fellow, with an income double that sum, which he didn't have to work for, quite rich enough to marry and settle down. The other man didn't agree with him. He was old enough to make his follies disreputable, and he was tired of the life. But he was a companionable creature, he said, and failing to secure the comforts of a home looked for society in the shady haunts of the town.

"But at least," said he at last, "the bills are paid. I have a bigger head than if I'd been giving a cotillion in my own house, but I don't have to think this morning of a florist's bill for $5,000, a wine merchant's for $800, a musician's for $200 more, and a milliner's for anything you please. My dear old boy, I'd like to marry, but I can't. I envy you your home and all that, but you happened to find a girl who would do without the accessories to matrimony that all the marriageable women I know require. I would do my part, give up all my clubs but one and the suppers and the theater-boxes and—the chorus, you know—but, hang it all, my economies would only be a drop in the bucket. Let your mind rest on the sort of thing that would be expected of me.

"I have $10,000 a year. As a bachelor it's all any man in his senses needs. Suppose I married. First of all, there's the wedding. I say nothing of new clothes—I've got enough for half a dozen weddings. But there's the presents to the bridesmaids and ushers, the thousand-dollar bachelor supper to the boys, the diamond necklace to the bride herself, the wedding tour, or, worse still, the secluded honeymoon, all costing money. With close economy and an imputation of stinginess from my wife's relatives I might contrive to get married decently for a year's income.

"Well, we come back to town and set up our establishment. We give our housewarming dinners and receive the visits of our—I mean of my wife's—friends. We must have at least three women and a man as house servants, and a coachman. Let us suppose my worthy father-in-law gave us our house, furnished well enough before for my mother-in-law's critical eye. We won't be expected to hang our house with pink crepe and evergreens, a la Hicks-Lord, to spend $8,000 on flowers for one reception, like the Morrises, or to ask 100 people to dinner and give them Roman punch frozen in yellow tumps or terrapin to eat out of silver spoons with gold spoons for Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. But may be we've been asked to some of these delectable affairs, and we must keep our end up, you understand, as married people of position. Now, of course, nobody would expect my income to suffice. I must marry a rich girl if I marry at all," and the unfortunate social pauper ordered another absinthe.—*New York Graphic.*

Levity in Homeopathic Doses.

Politicians who are on the fence keep themselves well posted.

Even an exceptionally truthful person does not hesitate to lie in bed.

If law-breakers were choosers magistrates would be men of few words and short sentences.

One never grumbles if he finds a hare among the viands while eating a game supper.

If every dog were to have its day, the management of the various kennel club bench shows would be compelled to establish permanent exhibitions.

"That's right, my dear. Draw aside the curtains and raise the sash to admit a little sun and air," cheerily shouted Phaseolus, wheeling baby into the yard just as Lavina was about to give the front room its customary morning ventilation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Bachelor (whom Brown has brought home to dinner)—Does your wife always kiss you, Brown, when you return from the office?

Brown—Yes, always, never fails.

Bachelor (with a sigh)—Ah, it must be delightful to have a cosy home like this, and a lovely little wife to greet you with a kiss!

Brown (also with a sigh)—Yes, she kisses me to discover if I have been drinking anything.—*Epoch.*

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Two little twins, Louisa and Julia by name, illustrate in their queer speeches the hard work which children have in mastering the parts of speech.

One day their mother missed Louisa, and as Julia had just been out to a neighbor's she fancied that perhaps Louisa had been with her.

"Julia," she asked, "did Louisa go out with you?"

"No, mamma," said the little girl, "she didn't been: I saw she at the window when I was a-wentin'!"

Our Serial Story.

JACK DUDLEY'S WIFE.

A NOVELETTE OF THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.

By MRS. E. M. DAVY,

Author of "A Prince of Como," "Between Man and Wife," "Under the Rose," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.

WAS IT JEALOUSY?

It seemed as though I were under the influence of a spell, and that my wife by speaking to me broke it.

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said I; then glanced swiftly round the table to see if my abstraction had been remarked, and decided that it had not.

"I was only calling your attention to the fact that we have a chiel among us taking notes,'" laughed Gascoigne. "Your London friend, Mr. Hawks, is desirous of carrying away with him some impressions of Northshire. He says the natives have no characteristics save their 'burr.' Can you suggest any, Dudley?"

I could not, and said so simply.

"Mrs. Armstrong's tales of her ancestors would suit you splendidly, Mr. Hawks," said Georgie. "*Their* characteristics appear to have been murder and robbery. Most of them were hanged for cattle stealing. She *boasts* of it. She says also that Northshire never could be conquered. William the Norman had to leave it out of his Doomsday Book."

"Fact, Mr. Dudley?" asked Charlie.

"It is history."

"Down it goes, then."

"I witnessed a little scene to-day that may interest you," said Gascoigne, addressing himself principally to Charlie. "I was coming into the village. A big burly fellow—North-Countrymen are usually so described you know—was lounging with his back against a wall. His hands were thrust deep into his pockets; he was tipsy; there was the happiest smile imaginable upon his face. A woman—I presume his wife—carrying a young child went and talked to him, but not near enough to hear, but the pantomime amused me. It seemed she was asking him to go home, but her words apparently had no effect. Presently she stamped her foot, talking more and more excitedly; he neither moved nor spoke—he only smiled. Next she slapped his face once, twice. Still he smiled as before. Immediately she was drew one hand from his pocket to put her from him. In so doing he somehow touched the child. It cried. The woman, roused to fury, deposited the baby on the muddy road, and rushed at him. She snatched off his hat, pulling it to pieces with her hands as she went, and then, with that, she tore it with her teeth, then flung it down and danced upon it. At length, suddenly pausing, she looked at her lord and master. He had not moved. His hands were in his pockets, and he still smiled. Then she picked up the child and left him. Two policemen were looking on. They seemed to enjoy the sight as much as I did. Mr. Hawks, that was a Northshire man."

"Thanks, doctor," said Charlie. "I'll take him for a type."

And much in this vein the conversation continued to flow, though I joined little in it, and Edna less.

We remained a very short time at the table after the ladies left us, and, in crossing the hall on to them in the drawing-room, I lingered behind Gascoigne and Hawks.

I was in haste to find myself again in Edna's presence. I felt guilty; almost as though my wretched secret was written on my face.

When I did go into the drawing room, Georgie was singing, Gascoigne standing by her, his back toward me. Hawks beckoned me to the far side of the room, where Edna and he were sitting. Edna was telling him tales of the rebellion of '45, of Dilston and the Derwentwaters. I sat down and listened, silent and spellbound, to the soft voice of the narrator. Meantime Georgie had ceased singing, and remained at the piano with Gascoigne.

After a time the doctor came in and held out his hand.

"Good night, Dudley," said he. "I've got to walk back, so it's time I set off."

In vain I urged him to stay, even suggesting a smoke and "auld lang syne." But dear old boy, I'd like to marry, but I can't. I envy you your home and all that, but you happened to find a girl who would do without the accessories to matrimony that all the marriageable women I know require. I would do my part, give up all my clubs but one and the suppers and the theater-boxes and—the chorus, you know—but, hang it all, my economies would only be a drop in the bucket. Let your mind rest on the sort of thing that would be expected of me.

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"Julia," she asked, "did Louisa go out with you?"

"No, mamma," said the little girl, "she didn't been: I saw she at the window when I was a-wentin'!"

"Weel, sor, an' that's no news. She telled me se her-sen."

Edna had done this—she had made the way easy to me, God bless her!

"Can I see neither my wife nor Miss Lynton, then?"

"Na. You just canna."

The carriage was announced, and we set off. Hawks, noticing my bag, asked an explanation, and I told him I intended going as far as York, adding, vaguely, that I had heard of a horse for sale there. I deemed it wisest to make no mention of Leicestershire even to Charlie.

On

Recent Literature.

ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

Governor Chamberlain's Administration—Poems of the Plains—Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought—Good Form in England—A False Start—Befo' de War—John Sherman—Ohio History and Descriptive Cards Literary Notes.

"Governor Chamberlain's Administration in South Carolina," by Walter Allen, is a chapter in the history of reconstruction in the Southern states which is well worth reading. Perhaps there has been no period in the history of the United States, except during the continuance of the civil war itself, so full of intense and dramatic interest as the first few years after its close. One of the hardest problems ever given to a people to work out was that presented to the South, for though it in some degree affected the North, yet its practical doing belonged wholly to the part of the country which had been in rebellion and where the slaves had been made free and given the right of suffrage. Among those who took the most prominent position by his words and acts was Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, and it is for the purpose of setting the full details of the history of those years, so far as he was concerned, before the public of the future, that this volume has been written. In the very nature of things he was subject to great blame, and even obloquy, when perhaps had the whole matter been thoroughly understood the verdict might have been different. At any rate the present work will be found very interesting. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

From the same publishers comes "Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes," by Thomas Brower Peacock, appearing now as a new and revised edition showing that it had already obtained popularity Some idea of his especial gifts of expression may be seen from the following lines quoted from different poems:

"The dew-drop on fragrant flower
May be the tear of some sweet star,
That weeps for joy that God's great power
Shields all creation near and far."

"Battle stamps his bloody feet!"

"Though now and then a moment seen,
The strange wild Indian of the plain,
His star in setting low between
The Rocky mountains and the main.
His fate and the buffalo's are one—
They gather to the setting sun."

"The East with great omnipotent power
Burns with the breath of God this hour."

"And like those sweet immortal flowers,
Brue woman's love grows on sublime—
Like them it soars o'er mortal hours—
It lives beyond the bounds of time!"

"God secretes in places lone and still
The rarest products of His will;
For contact with the world disarms
His fairest flowers of half their charms."

If the reader is going to Europe this season, he can not do better than buy "The Pocket Guide for Europe," a handbook written by Thomas W. Knox and published in convenient shape by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Here are instructions and suggestions in this little book that are plums in Jack Horner's pie. Indeed, it is hardly necessary to go to Europe at all if you read the book before you go.

"Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought," by Joseph Le Conte, of Berkeley, Cal., is a volume of 338 pages, divided into three parts. The first part gives a concise account of the meaning of the term evolution. Part second outlines the evidences of its truth drawn from all sources. Part third endeavors to show its relation to fundamental religious beliefs. The third part is a strong argument attempting to prove that evolution does not lead to materialism in religion, but its opposite. It is the important portion of the writing. The chapters upon "The Relation of God to Nature," "The Relation of Man to Nature," "The Relation of God to Man," and "The Relation of Evolution to the Problem of Evil," are concise and clear expressions full of suggestive thought. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Good Form in England" is a clever hand-book, to provide Americans with what things are "good form" in English society. It aims to be concise, valuable and comprehensive. The tourist, though he be a fool," need not go far astray in the ways of society life if he reads and carefully notes the instructions laid down in this excellent little work. It was written by an American, and in the preface to the book he maintains that it was his own early experience in Englishsociety, and the many difficulties which beset his path, which suggested the need of such a work. This is also published by the Appleton's.

The same house issues the "First German Reader on the Cumulative Method," by Adolph Dreyspring. This is a story for the young student, especially adapted to bring out prominent grammatical features, such as different classes of verbs, force and value of prepositions, use of adjectives, etc., and enough idiomatic expressions to give a natural flow of the language. The plan appears to be an excellent one and to promise success. Should the present first Reader be useful, the author proposes to prepare a second and a third for the use of older scholars.

"A False Start," is a novel by Hawley Smart, the author of Breeze Langton," "Struck Down," "A Race for a Wife, etc. It is an English story and a pleasant thing with which to while away an hour. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, in pamphlet form. Price 50 cents.

"Befo' de War," or "Echoes in Negro Dialect," by A. C. Gordon and Thomas Nelson, is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. A wide range of feeling, from the gay to the pathetic, is covered in these poems, which picture the life of old Virginia in rich colors. Their charm by no means depends wholly on the form and phraseology into which they are cast. It resides even more in the negro character exhibited in this quaint dialect. Running through the entire series of poems is a conception of a typical personality which is not only unique but picturesque in the highest degree. Considered as literary treasure-trove this type is in any view of no small importance. Nor is it without historical value.

"John Sherman. What He Has Said and Done," is a history of the life and public services of Ohio's honored son, by S. A. Bronson, D. D. It is a plain, simple narrative of facts, not intended, the author says, in any sense as an argument to support a candidate for the Presidency, but such a statement of what his past has been, of what he has said and done as shall enable an intelligent public to judge whether he does not worthily deserve to be President. It was written not at his request or desire, but with his consent, if there were no exaggerations. From the BLADE'S knowledge of the character of the author this statement is undoubtedly true. The book is worth the reading, without any reference to the present political status of affairs. Published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

The 15th and 16th numbers of the "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" have been received from the publishers. They cover the ground from the "Battle of South Mountain, or Boonsboro," through to "The Battle of Corinth," which is treated of at length. The fortunate possessors of these books, when they are finished, will have a treasure trove so far as the civil war is concerned.

From Funk and Wagnalls, New York, comes "Daddy Dave" by Mary Francis, a little volume intended to memorialize the character and life-long service of a faithful servant, who, as slave or freedman, followed the fortunes of the master and mistress in adversity and want as well as in prosperity and plenty. "Daddy Dave" is the type of a numerous class of those whose love for "ole messa" and "ole missus" never grew cold, whose fidelity never faltered. Pamphlet, 50 cents.

A box upon the outside of which runs the legend "Ohio History and Descriptive Cards" contains 144 cards with full description of the game for which they are intended. They are for school and home recreation, while a great deal of information can be obtained almost unconsciously by the young players. The author of the game is H. D. Smith, and the publishers Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O. Price 50 cents.

"The Modern Distribution Process" is a series of studies of competition and its limits, of the nature and amount of profits and of the determination of wages in the industrial society of to-day, by John B. Clark, author of the "Philosophy of Wealth," and Franklin H. Giddings. It is a view of of the present social evolution, its causes, principles and tendencies. As a fair and able treatment of the most vital questions of the day these essays seem of peculiar value and interest. They were originally published in the *Political Science Quarterly*, and in that form attracted great attention, both here and abroad.—Published by Ginn & Company, Boston.

Among the Classics for Home and School, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, is "The Seven Little Sisters Who Live on the Round Ball That Floats in the Air," by Jane Andrews. These are very beautiful stories connected together so as to seem one, conveying a great deal of information as well as giving much of pleasure to the young reader. Not the least interesting part of the book is the memorial of the author written by Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

No 41 of *Ogilvie's Popular Reading* contain the following complete story: "The Rugg Documents," which gives the experiences of Aunt Jerusha Rugg, a lone and disconsolate widow in search of a husband, by Clara Augusta. Price per year, for the series, issued monthly, $3.50. J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York, publishers.

Literary Notes.

John B. Alden, New York and Chicago, publishes *The Novelist*, a weekly magazine of American fiction.

Henry James was 45 last Sunday. Mr Howell has entered upon his fifty-second year.

"A Castle in the Air," by Gen. Hugh Ewing, is issued in Henry Holt & Co.'s Leisure Moment series.

A new serial story by W. D. Howells will begin in *Harper's Magazine* for June. Its title is "Annie Kilburn."

A large number of letters written by Napoleon I to his brother, King Louis, of Holland, have been discovered at Boksmeer, Holland.

A new monthly periodical, *Science of Photography*, has been started by J. W. Queen & Co., Philadelphia opticians.

"The Liar" is the name of a new story by Henry James which will appear in the May and June numbers of the *Century*.

Mrs. Georgia A. Peck, the managing editor of the Boston *Commonwealth*, is said to be the only woman in New England holding such a position.

Mrs. Frank Leslie has written a book entitled "Rents in Our Robes," a review of modern society and manners, which Belford, Clarke & Co. will publish.

Tickner & Co. publish to-day "The Ethics of Boxing and Manly Sport," by John Boyle O'Reilly, a practical as well as theoretical authority on athletic exercises.

Mme. Gerster's husband, Dr. Gardini, has published in Italy a work on the United States. It is in two volumes, with illustrations and maps. The order of the Crown of Italy has been conferred upon the author.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie is said to be beguiling the tedium of his sojourn in the German Emperor's palace by writing an article for the *North American Review*. He no longer receives threatening letters, but chafes, it is said, under his confinement in Berlin.

The remarkable story entitled "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," now running in *Harper's Weekly*, will be concluded in the number of May 12. It will be followed by a serial called "A Wartime Wooing," from the pen of Captain Charles King, of the United States army, illustrated by Rufus F. Zogbaum.

Mr. George W. Dillingham, publisher, has in press a book by Mr. Robinson Warren, entitled "On Deck; or, advice to Corinthian Yachtsmen," and dedicated to his three sons, John, Schuyler, and Kearny.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, has returned from the North Woods, still ill, and proposes to spend a season of utmost quiet on an island on the Maryland coast, and later will return to the Adirondacks.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward, wife of the well-known English critic and journalist, has written a novel called "Robert Elsmere," which is said by the London *Times* (to which the editorial columns the author's husband is a contributor) to be an attack on revealed religion.

A Belgian astronomer, M. Houzeau, has published the second volume of a "Bibliographie Generale de l'Astronomie." It consists of 2,000 pages, and gives the titles of over 40,000 papers on astronomy which have appeared in periodicals since the year 1666 to the present time.

A. C. McClurg & Co. have just issued "His Broken Sword," a novel by Winnie Louise Taylor, of which the scene is first laid near Milwaukee, then shifts to New York, where the heroine spends her school days and finishes her education under unconventionality that at first shocks her quiet mother. Although it ends happily, the plot is a sad one.

A. S. Barnes & Co. announce a new "History of Germany," in two royal octavo volumes, the work of Ex-Minister Fay, who by his long residence in Germany and his official position has long enjoyed exceptional advantages for the preparation of his book. It is nearly ready for the press, and appears at a time when German affairs are of special interest to the world.

Miss Charlotte Adams, American editor of the *Magazine of Art*, has just returned from the South, which she visited to report upon its art conditions for the benefit of the *Magazine's* readers. Miss Adams thinks that the art soil is particularly rich in that section of the country, and that it will show results before long which will astonish the public as much as has its accomplishment in literature.

She Was Not Squandering Money That Day.

It is sometimes charged that the prices asked by the publishers of dramatic and elocutionary manuals is excessive, but a tale recently poured into the sympathizing ears of the editor by one of the guild shows that they find it necessary to have a wide margin to provide against the incidental losses.

"We are accustomed to cheek, Mr. X observed in that manner both classical and breezy which is at once the delight and the despair of his friends, "and we are thoroughly hardened to having our books purloined; but the other day a woman actually managed to give us a surprise in this line. She came in and asked for a particular recitation, and after a hunt of some twenty minutes the clerk unearthed it in a volume we sell for 15 cents. The woman seized upon it and sat down, and began to pore over it. The clerk supposed she was going to sit there and copy it, but if she had that intention her time presently gave out and she mildly asked if she might copy part of it. The clerk is a long-suffering fellow—we all have to be for that matter, in our business—and he said, 'certainly.' She thereupon asked if he would 'lend' her a piece of paper. That 'lend' was a dainty piece of euphemism, and it fetched him so that he handed over a first-class pad. Then she modestly begged for a pencil, and when he had meekly produced a brand new one, she sat down and copied every word of the recitation from beginning to end."

"Well," the editor observed, "it is to be hoped she was grateful."

"Grateful?" echoed the other. "When she got through she gathered herself up, and without a word, she walked off with her copy and the clerk's new pencil."

"You should be thankful," was the editorial comment, "that she left the book and the pad."

"I'm used to their stealing the books. I could have stood that, but the pencil gave me a shock. The cheek of it was too colossal."

"But she left the clerk," the other suggested, with the evident intention of being as consoling as possible.

"Yes," Mr. X. remarked, with slangy solemnity, "there is no question but he was left."

Modern Improvements in Devotion.

A friend of mine has a telephone in his East End residence. Likewise he possesses a little daughter, some four years in age, f winning ways, sweet face, and artfully artless manner.

When bedtime came a few nights ago the mother of this little maid could not find her. She was not in the nursery; and carrying on the search her mother reached the landing on the stairs. There she stayed a moment, and, listening, heard the babe's voice in the hall below. Looking over the banisters she was surprised to see tiny Miss Mabel standing on a hall chair and talking into the telephone in a loud voice.

"Hello! Hello! Hello, Central!" the child was saying in exact imitation of her father's manner. "Hello, Central! Give me heaven, I wan't to say my prayers!"

—If the liver and kidneys are sluggish and inactive, Hood's Sarsaparilla will rouse them to prompt and regular action. Take it now.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

HOW ABOU REBUKED HIS NEPHEW

And Showed Him the Absurdity of Convivial Gatherings—An Unpublished Sketch by the Late D. R. Locke.

III.

"Why do you quaff the forbidden waters, the strong waters of the Giaour?" asked Abou Ben Adhem, of his nephew.

"Why, O, philospher and sage," answered the gay young man, "be chesm, because it is the thing. The wine of the Frank and the distilled waters of the American, mount to the brain, and quicken the imagination. They diffuse a delicious warmth through the system, they dissipate care, they gladden the heart and quicken the intellect. One night with these waters were worth a week without them. Hast ever indulged, oh, uncle mine? Hast ever laughed at the merry quip, the sharp repartee and the mirth they engender? Hast ever—"

"Hast ever? Am I not a thousand years old? My son, to use the phrase of the ancients, I have been there. When I was of your age I was a roysterer, and as the Turks have it, a rounder. Ispahan has been made hideous by my shouts; I have assisted in wrenching off door-knockers, and in beating the aged and inoffensive watchman. I have been through it all, and if there is a piece of foolery that I have not committed when under the influence of distilled waters, I should like to be made acquainted with it. That was before I learned that to-morrow morning is better than to-night, and that the undue exaltation of the evening does not compensate for the headache of the day to come. As for the wit and humor of an association of drunken men, excuse me. It requires for its full appreciation a drunken anditor. I remember me of an incident.

"Many years ago, when I was the editor of the Ispahan *Morning Herald*, there was a party of choice spirits who met regularly at the Gem saloon, in that city, to indulge in the fiery waters which the prophet so wisely forbids. We had roaring times. The beer of the German, the wine of the Frank, the whisky of the American, were consumed in enormous quantities, and by the time the clock had struck ten, the party was in delightful condition. Every one was a wit, every one had humor, and our evenings there were as brilliant as anything could be. By twelve the fun would wax warm, and jokes would pass from one to another with the pealing laughter of the party attesting their excellence. Those were nights such as the spirits of the blest would have given years in purgatory to have enjoyed.

"My partner could never be induced to join us. In vain I told him of the exquisite wit, the splendid humor, and the keen enjoyment. He never would go.

"One night he surprised me by saying that he would go, and gladly I took him, for he was a man of infinite jest, and one who would be a desirable addition to our circle. He was a short-hand reporter, and an artist of no mean merit.

"I was glad I took him, for we had such a night as I had never experienced. Abdul, the carpet-seller, was never in such a flow, and little Yussef, the kibosh-maker, outdid himself. By 3 in the morning we had laughed till we were exhausted, and the jovial party broke up.

"The next afternoon, feeling the worse for the delightful night, I met my partner.

"'O Achmed,' I exclaimed, "did I tell thee falsely? Didst we not have a night worth whole days of dull routine? Is there not something in the strong waters that is delightful?'

"Achmed took out his note-book and commenced reading. He read five minutes of the most pointless jokes I ever listened to.

"'Stop!' I exclaimed. 'Why persecute me with that horrible swash?'

"'Horrible swash!' he replied, with an expression of wonder in his face, 'horrible swash! By the bones of the prophet, but you laughed heartily enough at it last night. Why, Abou, that is Yussef's pet story.'

"'Impossible,' I cried, 'why it is drivel.'

"'This morning, yes—last night, no. Last night it was funny. But I will proceed.'

"And he went on with a mass of the very worst stuff I ever heard. This was not only drivel, but it was obscene.

"'Desist, I beg,' I shouted, with both my fingers in my ears.'

"'Desist, I cannot. Why Abou you laughed at that story till the tears ran down your cheeks, and at its conclusion you kissed Azhmed, the teller.'

"'But listen to this, and he read from his note book another story, which was as profane as the other was obscene.

"'I will not listen,' I shrieked. 'The prophet defend me from such blasphemy. Why the bones of our mothers are made fun of.'

"'But you must listen, for you loved it dearly last night. You embraced Yacob, the camel-driver, when he had finished it, and swore by Mecca that you had never heard anything so fine. But look here—'

"And he produced sketches, pictures of various incidents that had occurred. There was Mehemet, who was gouty, and the gravest man in the bazaar, attempting the shawl dance of the Spaniard; there was Shamus, the date grower, with his face blackened; there was myself—Allah forgive me,—embracing and kissing Fatima, and—but why enumerate. The fellow had reported in short hand every word that was said, and had made sketches of every scene that had occurred. And what was worse he compelled me to listen to every word of it, and to examine in detail every sketch.

"My son, I have not touched the fiery draught since. It occurred to me that a liquid that would make us do at night what filled my soul with loathing in the morning was not a very useful article; and that wit that turned the stomach of the sense, unless it had wine to hold it down, couldn't be a very good article. Inasmuch as a drunken man has to have drunken listeners to be appreciated, it isn't a good thing, for how absurd the drunken man is among sober people! He is then at a disadvantage. When I want to join a congress of fools I will drink, but not till then. My natural reason is good enough for me."

And the nephew departed as Abou sought his couch.

A Pill in Time Saves Nine!

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are preventive as well as curative. A few of these "Little Giants," taken at the right time, with little expense and no inconvenience, will accomplish what many dollars and much sacrifice of time will fail to do after Disease once holds you with his iron grasp. Constipation relieved, the Liver regulated, the Blood purified, will fortify against fevers and contagious diseases. Persons intending travel, changing diet, water and climate, will find invaluable, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In vials convenient to carry.

A Nice Legal Question.

Bobby had wickedly eaten part of the preserves on the shelf, and so his mother shut him in the closet.

On letting him out she discovered that he had eaten the rest of the preserves.

Mightily displeased she asked him why he had done so.

"Because, ma," Bobby replied, "I heard pa tell one of his clients that a person couldn't be punished twice for the same offence."—*The Epoch.*

A Model Driver.

Citizen—I'm surprised to find that you have become such a careful driver, Jake. You used to be the most reckless teamster on the streets. You ran into a half a dozen different carriages to my certain knowledge.

Teamster—I'm drivin' a mighty light wagon now, an' it's me own.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THE realistic novel is getting what in yuigar parlance is called a black eye, lately. The trouble is that the realism was carried too far. Emile Zola gives such true-to-life descriptions of vice and vicious people as to disgust any but the sensually inclined. Others merely touch the surface of things, and though it may be done with a clean and skilful hand, yet it sometimes becomes wearisome, and one grows impatient at the petty details of everyday life which only regard superficialities. Perhaps Mr. Howells is the most attractive of the extreme realistic school, but he fails, at his best, to satisfy or do more than to amuse a leisure hour. A writer in *Macmillan's Magazine* some time since was thus severe upon the realistic novelist:

"There is no man, nor woman either, who resolves to set down all that he or she may see or hear in 24 hours, say of waking life, but shall turn you out your realistic novel, as the Grand Llama of Thibet will turn you out your prayers—by the yard; such work needs not invention, nor imagination, nor fancy. The only quality of the artist it calls for is the sense of proportion, the faculty of selection; and that, anybody who has once experimented on this school of fiction will know well it rarely, if ever, gets."

THERE are few people who do not remember the pleasure shadow pictures on the wall gave them in bygone days. He or she who could place the hand and fingers in such shapes that the shadow would be a rabbit, old man or some familiar form, possessed an accomplishment to be envied and sighed for. Of late years this little fancy has been converted into an art which has its professors and pupils, and is proving itself worthy of notice in the world of science. An Italian painter was one of the first who thonght of adding new types to the collection of figures capable of being formed by the hands. An imitator imported the art into Belgium and it was in the latter country that the American, Trewey, gained his knowledge of it. This last gentleman was not long in discovering that umbramania, as it is called, was capable of improvement and after patient practice with the fingers he succeeded in making them supple enough to produce exquisite little silhonettes, each a masterpiece in its kind. The practice required to give the hand the necessary flexibility is long and tedious. Every joint must be put in perfect working order and each finger must be entirely independent in its action. Trewey has become so proficient in the art that not only can he produce diverse figures, but can also give them motion and life. His hand is reproduced by moulding-figures in several British museums, while his art furnishes him with ample means of support and makes him most popular with the class who are everywhere seeking a new diversion. What next?

THE old-fashioned courtesy of our grandmothers is being revived again, though in a modified form. At a recent reception at the White House, a fair young girl was presented to the President. As he took her hand she ducked down about six inches with a movement which might be termed the lightning courtesy. The same little bob was repeated a moment later as she shook hands with Mrs. Cleveland. Some of the bystanders exclaimed "how awfully country," but were quickly subdued by an explanation coming from one of the initiated. The trick is the latest English custom on being presented to people of note. The movement is a difficult one and if universally adopted the fair society belles will find some difficulty in perfecting themselves in the accomplishment, for, unlike their grandmothers, the early education of the modern girl, in that respect has been neglected. Courtesies and back boards were long ago consigned to oblivion as old-fashioned and out of date. Now, together with the old spinning wheels they are being brought to light and favor once more.

No class of people need diversion more than the soldiers and sailors in times of peace. They are called upon to do certain duties, but when those are done, time hangs heavy unless some form of entertainment is provided. This is why "Kriegspiel" (the game of war) is becoming almost as popular among British troops as in Germany where it was invented. The map and blocks and lead soldiers of which the game is composed are found in nearly all the regimental headquarters and many spare hours are given to its playing, which in a way, is useful as well as amusing. It is said to have taken the place, to a great extent, of the sham fight in the field, as it possesses many of the advantages without the wear and tear and the waste of ammunition attendant upon a sham battle. Topographical maps are made of the neighboring region. The woods, hills, rivers and distances are recorded exactly as they exist, and all the necessary details of warfare are indicated with the utmost accuracy. The game is said to be invaluable as a means of instructing the soldier in field work and enabling officers to successfully conduct their commands in a strange country. So-called instructive and amusing games, both for adults and children are almost without number, but games like "Kriegspiel" that are practical, and at the same time a pleasant recreation, are few and far between.

A FEW years ago the enterprising Barnum brought to the United States what was then a great curiosity, namely, a tattooed man. Almost everybody is familiar with the history of this picturesque Greek, Captain Constantine and as the circus traveled from place to place his coming was heralded by enormous show bills, depicting him undergoing the operation by which his skin was transformed into a minature art gallery. The original Greek is dead but he seems to have left behind him many disciples for nearly every large museum and circus in the country possesses an attraction of a similar character. Years ago the art was employed upon sailors and slaves for purposes of identification, but after the advent of the decorated Greek it became a paying investment, and the many who desired to become "freaks" submitted their bodies to the pricks of the needle. Strange as it may seem this idea has become to a certain extent a fashionable craze. Children have some design pricked upon them which takes the place of the famous "strawberry mark on the arm." Fair dames and young maidens have themselves decorated in this style, and in dudedom it has become the latest fad. Once the majority of tatooing was done in Africa, where different tribes have distinguishing marks pricked in their black skins, but now, owing to this freak of fashion, a certain few of the civilized world are converting themselves into savages with "rings on their fingers and bells on their toes," while ink pictures of snakes and reptiles decorate other portions of the anatomy.

WHEN France sold her crown jewels she reserved the finest and most historical of the gems, including the famous Regent diamond. Before they were placed upon exhibition in the Apollo gallery of the Louvre, it was thought necessary to provide some means for their protection from the too covetous hands of the public. The matter was placed before a committee of skilled officials and experts, and in course of time, a most ingenious contrivance was the result of the workings of these learned minds. The jewels are displayed in a show case, the glass plates of which are exceptionally thick and are bound with a strong iron framework. A guard is appointed to watch over them night and day and if any of the sightseers make a suspicious move, he has only to touch a button and the glass case, with its precious contents, sinks into the floor and is safe from thieving hands. This ingenious apparatus consists of a shaft down which the case slowly drops, and as it disappears from view, heavy covers of thick metal plates close over it and lock together with a sharp snap. The whole affair is operated by clock work, and the fact that its cost was close upon £800 will convey some idea of its complicated character. It would not, however, be a bad idea to contrive some such thing for the protection of valuables in other exposed places.

Little Far-Away Voices.

There were two young friends in a Sunday-school at W., one of whom had that day had been promoted to pantaloons. "Who was the first man?" asked the teacher of him who still wore dresses, whereupon he looked sadly at his friend's new garments, and with tears in his eyes answered reluctantly: "Well, I dess Buck is; he's put on pants de fust."

Nora dislikes glaring colors. She also dislikes the grating voice of one of her mother's visitors, and, going to her, she said impatiently: "I don't love for you to talk; you talk red." She characterizes voice by colors in this way. Does it show a peculiar sensitiveness to harmony in tint and tone?

Sunday was a rainy day and Nora's activity had been much restrained by staying indoors without any playmates. Towards twilight she stood by the window, and, heaving a sigh, said to her mother: "God has had a mighty long day, mudder."

—Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla Regulates the Regulator. Best blood purifier—largest bottle in the market. Manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Sold by all druggists.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

THE SWAMP ANGEL BATTERY.

Remarkable Accuracy of Aim by the Gunners—Fuse Shells and Percussions.

The Charleston (S. C.) *News* publishes an interesting account of the shelling of that city by Gen. Gilmore, in 1863. The following extract contains several hitherto unpublished facts concerning the event:

Gen. Gilmore's gunners soon attained a wonderful accuracy in firing their guns. It was said that the Swamp Angle shells were loaded with "Greek fire," but this was never verified. Fires frequently occurred, and the firemen always promptly turned out, taking the chances of the shells. A fire at night invariably awoke the Swamp Angel to renewed activity. The shells were sent in generally at an average rate of one every fifteen or twenty minutes. Occasionally when a gun would burst there would be a suspension of operations at the Swamp Angel end of the line, sometimes for several days.

This invariably followed a fire in the city. The light from the blaze would give the gunners at the Swamp Angel a good mark, and they would fire more rapidly, which probably cost them several guns, and then the people of Charleston would have a brief rest until the burst guns were replaced.

The accuracy which the Swamp Angel gunners attained was remarkable. On one occasion the buildings on Brown's wharf were fired during the day. The fire department was promptly on the spot, and set to work to extinguish the flames. The building was on the water front, and the dense columns of smoke offered a splendid target for Gen. Gillmore's marksmen. There are perhaps a dozen men in Charleston to-day who will recall the incident and who will testify to the fact that during the progress of that fire at least three shells were thrown into the burning building.

On another occasion, while a fire was in progress on the corner of Market street and East Bay, a shell was actually thrown into the air vessel of the Phœnix Fire company's engine. At the time there were probably twenty men at the breaks (the engine being an old-fashioned double-decker), and but one man, a colored "runner," was injured.

The accuracy with which the Swamp Angel guns were fired, in fact, gave color to the statement subsequently made that the gunner intentionally refrained from firing at St. Michael's steeple, which was never hit during the entire two years of the bombardment.

Percussion shells were used by the Swamp Angel gunners for over a year. During this time the people of Charleston had abundant time to study the peculiarities of the percussion Parrott shell. The shell, of course, could only be exploded when it came in contact with a hard surface, and was, therefore, only dangerous under these conditions. In nine cases out of ten a percussion shell that struck a wooden building simply buried itself in the earth and remained there. The only danger to life or limb, therefore, was in being struck by the shell on its passage, and most people soon learned to avoid this. So in time a good many families moved back into the "shell district," as it was called, and occupied the wooden houses.

In 1864 there was a startling change in the condition of things. By this time those who were compelled to remain in the city had become used to the Swamp Angel. Up to this time not more than two or three people had been killed, notwithstanding the fact that fully five thousand had been almost constantly under fire, to say nothing of the exposure of the firemen, who, besides doing military duty at night along the water front, were called upon frequently to subdue the flames in the shell districts. During the night of September 2, 1864, a building was fired in the lower wards. The alarm was sounded and in five minutes the engines were on their way to the scene of the conflagration.

The boom of the alarm bell and the bright glare of the fire invariably caused the Swamp Angels to wake up and redouble their attentions to the "doomed city." An engine, the Phœnix, was on its way to the fire, dragged by a dozen or more men. In Hayne street an obstacle was met. A messenger from the Swamp Angel plunged into the earth directly in front of the battery, making a hole six feet wide and as many feet deep, buried itself in the ground. A half dozen men were precipitated into an excavation, and the engine, "Old Betsey," followed suit. The shell did not explode, however, and beyond several painful bruises nobody was hurt.

While the men were getting the dust out of their eyes and trying to lift up "old Betsey" the "boom" which signified the advent of another messenger from the Swamp Angel was heard. Then every one stood still and listened. A few seconds after the boom came the peculiar and excruciating "whistle" which marked the progress of the messenger through the air. The whistle was not familiar. There was an indescribable something about it that made one shudder. It was not the old familiar percussion-shell scream. A few moments later and the mystery was explained. Just as every one was "lying low" awaiting the crash, there was another explosion, this place to place a dozen baby screams and a dozen sharp retorts, while a flash of light illuminated the scene. Then it was realized that our friends, the enemy, wanted blood. It was a fuse shell, something which no man could dodge.

Charleston had become reconciled to the percussion shell because the percussion shell could be dodged, and was comparatively harmless to life so long as one kept clear of brick buildings, but the fuse shell was another thing. It multiplied the danger a hundred fold. The writer saw one explode in the air about five hundred feet high; in King, between George and Liberty streets, on the morning of September 15, 1864. Two fragments reached the pavement (flag stones.) One measured about four inches in length and about three in width. The first cut a hole in the flag sidewalk and buried itself in the earth beneath. The other fragment buried itself in the macadamized roadway.

The advent of the fuse shell led to the complete evacuation of the lower part of Charleston, and from that time until the "Union came in" that part of the city was abandoned to the rabbits, the wild pigeons and the bats. Works on the fortification "breastworks" that had been started in Meeting, near Queen street, was abandoned, and although Fort Sumter still held out, the fate of Charleston seemed settled.

M'CLELLAN'S BATTLEFIELDS.

The Visitor Sees But Little to Recall the Bloody Strife of '62.

After all, the old McClellan battlefields to the northeast of Richmond, along the old Williamsburg pike, have the greatest interest to a Northern man. One can cover the whole region of the Seven Days' fight, with the exception of Malvern Hill, in a few hours. A good smart team takes the observer from Mechanicsville, Fair Oaks, Savage Station and Seven Pines, and that allows one crossing over the famous Chickahominy. The correspondent of the *Tribune* went over the ground in company with an ex-major of Johnson's division—that which turned McClellan's right at Mechanicsville. The latter place is but four miles from the state capital. If McClellan had not divided his great army by the swirling waters of the Chickahominy he would or could have gone into Richmond with a whoop. The Confederates admit that.

There is nothing now around Mechanicsville to show the ravages of war. A little station on the Chesapeake & Ohio—a chicken-coop—and that is all. But Richmond has grown so that her lights can be seen, and even town lots are laid out within the old McClellan lines. Near Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, as the Richmond people call it, is the National Cemetery. Just east of these are the remains of an old earthwork not yet ploughed down, and through its scrap grows up a pine at least twenty feet high. This is the only remains of the old line of works now visible. There is, however, put away in a line of piles at the upper crossing of the Chickahominy, which at low water, reveals the point of crossing of Fitz John Porter's army after his dreadful set-to with Stonewall Jackson at Cold Harbor. There is nothing at Gaines's Mills to indicate a great battle or the memory of it. The old mill is crumbled to the foundation. Cold Harbor has especial interest because it was the scene of two awful battles—the first in 1862, with McClellan, and the second in 1864, under Grant, when the latter was yet running Lee's right and had just won the great fight at Spottsylvania. The heaviest fighting in the first battle was about George Watt's house. That house still stands in the middle of as pretty fields as one could expect to find in Virginia. The next battle took place near Benlah Church, near "Cool Harbor," hence called "Cold Harbor." Grant's fight at Cold Harbor in 1864 was the bloodiest of the whole war for the Union side. Official records have it that on that day 13,000 Union troops were either killed or wounded.

The old Williamsburg pike still exists today just as it did a quarter of a century ago. The peaceful market wagon now, however, is all that uses it. The only well-kept remembrance of the exciting times of 1862 is the beautiful National Cemetery on the field of Fair Oaks. No Richmond man ever takes a stranger out there unless he is asked to do it. He does it then with politeness, but with an ill grace.—*Chicago Tribune.*

RECALLING THE MEXICAN WAR.

An Officer Who Liked Cigar Smoke, but Not the Smell of Gunpowder.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—If a thorn from a polka bush will not burn, it might do to stir up the fire. I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper for the last six years, but have never seen a word from any of the members of my old regiment, the 2d U. S. Infantry, till last week, when I discovered comrade Foote's account of our march from Monterey to Tampico, and although I have not seen a comrade of the 2d U. S. Inft. in over 25 years, yet his words bring to my mind vividly that tedious march. Comrade Foote belonged to Capt. Penrose's company who kept corporal Snow with him behind the rocks as we ascended Cerro Gordo, and asked sergeant Robinson to send him a faithful non-commissioned officer. He answered that he had no such in his company. The captain wanted him for a body-guard. He was afraid some of his own company would kill him. He had better have done as my captain did, "took sick," as the men used to say, and went home on sick furlough. Old Smoker, as the men used to call Capt. Hanable Day, of Co. F, was a splendid hand to use up cigars, but evidently did not like the smell of gunpowder. I would like to hear from some of the old 2d U. S., but presume there are very few left. I often wonder if Gen. Casey, who was in Washington when the lamented Garfield was suffering, was the same that was wounded at Chepultepec, and was captain of C company, 2d U. S. Inft. A braver and better officer never commanded a company. Long may he live.—E. M. BASCOM, Smaytown, Eaton Co., Mich.

An Untimely Fate.

EDITOR BLADE CAMP FIRE:—At the close of the war of the rebellion, there were many hissing names from the ranks on both sides, some of which were turned up in after years, while others were never heard from, and many an anxious, sorrowing heart bewails in hopeless solitude the uncertain fate of loved ones lost. Some of the boys, from choice, were mustered out at points in this state, taking their own time and choosing their own conveyance for the whole of three. If it had not been for this latter circumstance he might never have had an adventure in Leadville which came near cutting short his career.

He arrived in Leadville about the last of the week, and was immediately set down by the desperadoes of the town as a tenderfoot. They did not like his style of dress in the same way, and his baby blankets. At that time, a big, hulking chap from "the plains," with four revolvers in his belt and a bowie knife in each boot, openly boasted that he would make the new arrival walk Spanish. His opportunity, as he imagined, arrived much sooner than any one expected. He took a hack,

Jones had been traveling for two days and two nights before he struck Leadville, and after supper at his hotel determined to see if a clean shave would not freshen him up. He sauntered down the principal street to a barber shop, and entering hung his hat upon a nail. There were half a dozen of the most eminent citizens of Loudsville ahead of him, all wearing their pantaloons in their boots and their pistols in leather belts. There was but one chair, and that one was unoccupied, for the barber stepped out to get a drink. A black and white card nailed to the unpainted pine wall stated that a shave was "25 cents and hair-cutting 50 cents." Although it was the month of June it was quite cold, and a wood fire crackled in an old "Missouri" stove. Altogether the barber shop was about as cheerless a place as the Arkansas man had ever struck.

While he was thinking wearily of things far away a silver rain through the roof of "prominent citizens," and the bully of Leadville stalked through the door. His bloodshot eyes were inflamed with liquor, his hands toyed in an ugly way with the butts of his pistols, and he walked unsteadily. As he fixed his eyes upon David Jones he dropped heavily into the barber's chair and said:

"Now, gentlemen!"

Jones looked around. He saw by the terrified expressions upon the faces of the eminent citizens that the bully was playing a part and wished to humiliate him. He also saw, instinctively, that he could expect no assistance. He was unarmed, and his knife was in his trunk. His knives and revolvers to quarrel with him.

Jones did some pretty rapid thinking, and, jumping from his chair, whipped a towel from a rack and slung it under the bully's neck. There was an ugly light in Jones's eye as he picked out a gigantic razor and began strapping it. He knew no more about shaving than he did about the lost tribes of Israel, but he made some lather, doused it into the bully's mouth, eyes and nose, and then rubbed the bristly skin savagely. The man in the chair kept up a string of muttered curses, and the eminent citizens moved their chairs toward the door, ready to make a dash for the open air as soon as the shooting should begin. Jones seized the big razor, a terrible dull instrument, and gave the bully a victous rake on the side of one of his

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Napoleon I—John Howard.

S. K., Woodlawn, Mo.:

Please tell something about Napoleon I, also John Howard, the philanthropist.

Napoleon I was Emperor of France, born at Ajaccio, Corsica, Aug. 15, 1769. He was the second son of Charles Bonaparte and Maria Letizia Ramolino, a lady of unusual beauty and mental vigor. His earliest studies were made at Autun and Brienne, after having, through the influence of the Governor of Cosica, obtained a place in the military school at Brienne, in France, he entered that establishment as a king's pensioner at the age of nine years old. Here he attracted some notice for his love of mathematics and history, as well as for his taciturnity, and indifference to light literature. In 1775 he obtained a commission as sub-lieutenant in an artillery regiment stationed at Valence, just as the revolution broke out. Here he took the popular side, but not in a very demonstrative way. In 1792 he was captain of artillery, where the energy displayed against Ajaccio, during Paoli's defection, which led to the Bonapartes being driven from the island. After this he was ordered to take part in the siege of Toulon, then held by the Spanish and the English when he displayed such bravery that on the surrender of the city he was promoted from colonel to general of brigadier. In 1795 he was at Paris, at which period the Convention was in great peril from the mutinous spirit of the capital, when being placed in command of the troops for the protection of the authorities, he totally withdrew the national guard, who, 30,000 strong, came down in a descent upon the Convention while it was in session. This procured him instantly the command of the army of the interior, and subsequently the supreme command of the army of Italy. About this time he met and married, March 9, 1796, the beautiful and accomplished Josephine Beauharnais, but was constrained to part from her, almost at the altar, so urgently was he needed in Italy. Soon he reached the field of his new operations, where after a series of brilliant victories over the Austrians, he inaugurated that system of vandalism and taxation which despoiled Italy of some of its most precious works of art, and oppressed her people, closing the campaign with the famous treaty of Campoformis on December 17, 1797. In the same month he returned to Paris when a vague idea was entertained for invading England. He was placed in command of the necessary troops, but suddenly the project took the form of a descent upon Egypt, and in 1798 he sailed for the East with an army of 20,000 men and a body of savants for investigating Egyptian antiquities. Although throwing much light upon the art treasures of the land of the Pharohs, this expedition was far from beneficial to France, and soon, therefore, he returned to Paris, having his troops in command of Gen. Kleber. Arrived there, he became first consul, or in other words, ruler of the nation; and now succeeded that long series of Continental struggles which took from Europe its center, and which resulted in his becoming Consul for life. While occupying this position he caused the preparation of the code Napoleon, which alone was sufficient to immortalize his name; but he also restored the privilege of the Romish priesthood, and paved the way for a system of despotic centralization, the worm was necessarily at the core of his fame and power. On Dec. 2, 1804, after a series of brilliant achievements of arms he was crowned the "high and mighty" Napoleon I, Emperor of the French, by Pope Pius VII., who came to Paris at his request, to perform the ceremony. Having long known his wife to be sterile, Napoleon, as head of the French people, on assuming the imperial crown he engaged Europe single handed and displayed anew prodigies of valor, military tact and Governmental intelligence. Every continental power almost had been before him, and Austria so suffered from him that she absolutely lay at his feet. But now comes one of the darkest stains on his private life, and the grossest of his many violations of justice. He divorced on the fact that his true and faithful wife Josephine, had not borne him any children, he was divorced from her, and in 1810 he married Marie Louisa, daughter of Francis, of Austria, who bore him a son—the king of Rome—and who was an unworthy successor of Josephine. In 1811 he was in the zenith of his power, after having established his favorites on more than one European throne. But Wellington soon began to loom up in the Peninsula, and through English influence, and the skill and courage of that general, the French power began to fall in Spain and elsewhere, and now the star of Napoleon began to wane, although, still prompted by his great love of conquest he assembled a grand army of 500,000 men on the frontier of Poland and invaded Russia. That campaign stands out boldly in history, for the burning of Moscow in the cruel northern winter sealed the fate of the emperor and almost annihilated his whole army. The Senate deposed him in 1814, and he was made Elba of the nominal sovereign of the island, Louis XVIII having been restored to the throne of France through the instrumentality of what were called the "Allied powers." In this small island he encamped. He met his final overthrow on the field of Waterloo, 1815, where his last hope was extinguished. He now fell into the hands of the English, who exiled him, under the most strict surveillance, to the island of St. Helena, where, after an imprisonment of six years, he died of cancer of the stomach, May 5, 1821.

2. John Howard, the noted philanthropist, was born at Enfield, Eng., in 1726. He had been apprenticed to a grocer in London, but upon the death of the elder Howard, who left a considerable fortune amassed in trade, the young man left the uncongenial business and devoted his time to travel in the pursuit of medical and scientific studies. When about 25 years old he had a severe attack of illness, and upon his recovery showed his gratitude to his landlady, who had nursed him and who was a widow with several children, by marrying her. As the union was not a happy one, as might have been expected, it was, perhaps, fortunate that the wife died three years later. In 1756 he went to Portugal for his health with the view of doing something to help the sufferers from the great earthquake. On the way he was taken prisoner by a French privateer, and the hardships which he endured while in captivity seem to have first called his attention to the sufferings of prisoners. Having been exchanged he returned to England, married again, and settled in Bedfordshire, and began his career of active philanthropy by building schools and model cottages for the peasantry. His wife died in 1765, and he then spent several years in study and travel. In 1773 he was made sheriff, and thus came to have actual knowledge of the sufferings endured by prisoners under the very defective jail system of England. For instance, he found that many innocent persons, as well as criminals, were kept in prison for months and even years from inability to pay their fees of jail delivery. He proposed to the magistrates to have regular salaries paid to the jailers, in place of the fees collected from the prisoners. The astonished magistrates asked for a precedent for such a change, and in his effort to find one Howard visited every town in England containing a prison. He thus collected an enormous mass of information concerning prison abuses, which he embodied in a report to the House of Commons. This body gave him a vote of thanks, and immediately passed bills providing for a number of important reforms, which Howard never ceased to urge. In 1778 Howard sent copies of these laws to every jailer in the kingdom. He was soon after elected to the House of Commons, but was not allowed to take his seat because of his known sympathy with the American revolution. He never afterward entered political life, but gave his whole time to the carrying out of philanthropic reforms. He made several journeys over the continent, visiting prisons and hospitals. In his journeys and labors he bore his own expenses, and risked his own life and health continually in the presence of infectious diseases. In his last journey he contracted camp fever while nursing some patients at Kherson, on the Black Sea, and died there Jan. 20, 1790.

Ruby Mines of Burmah.

Mrs. J. P., Madison, Wis.:

1. Please give a description of the ruby mines of Burmah. 2. When was the first iron discovered in the country?

Though nearly every work on precious stones contains some mention of the famous mines of Pegu in Burmah, but very little has been actually known concerning either the location or the yield of the mines. Legends of their wonderful riches were told by travelers in the East as early as the sixteenth century, but M. Tavernier, who traveled in the Orient about 1700, was the first to give any trustworthy information concerning the mines. He did not see them, but gives his descriptions from hearsay. He locates the mines in a mountain, twelve days' journey from Siren—the modern Siriam—and says the country is one of the poorest in the world, producing nothing but rubies, and these in quantities not exceeding 100,000 crowns per annum in value. Father Guiseppi d'Amalgo, in 1590, actually visited the mines. In his account he places them seventy miles northwest of Alandaiay. The "gem gravel," he says, is reached by pits from twenty to thirty feet in depth, but is not very extensively worked because of the influx of water, and the imperfect methods of mining used. From this account and that of M. Brebemeyer, who in 1758-59 spent some time at other mines in the Sagy in hills, about sixteen miles from Mandalay, all that is actually known of the Burmah ruby mines is derived. The gems lie in a valley, about a hundred miles square, surrounded by nine mountains. They are found at varying depths—some quite near the surface, others twenty feet down. The natives can not dig much deeper for them, because they do not know how to keep the water out of the mines. Sapphires, topazes and emeralds are also found in the mines. The majority of the rubies found are less than one-fourth of a carat in weight, and the larger ones are generally flawed. Sapphires, though relatively rare, are generally of larger size. The revenue from the mines constitute a royal monopoly, and amounted, thirty years ago, to from $65,000 to $75,000 per annum. Considering the difficulty of carrying on the mining work, the cost of securing the conveniences of life in those remote districts, and more than all, the unhealthiness of the locality, this return is not large. The British government has leased the mines for a term of years to a firm of wholesale jewelers in London. 2. The first iron ore discovered in this country was found in Virginia in 1715.

Attila.

Reader, Spaulding, Nebraska:

Will you please be so kind as to tell me through the BLADE who Attila was and what he was?

Attilla was king of the Huns, and of royal blood; in 434 B. C. he succeeded his uncle Roas as chief of countless hordes scattered over the northern part of Asia and Europe. His brother Bleda, who shared with him the royal authority, was put to death by Attilla in 445 A. D. While the Huns obeyed Attilla with a superstitious reverence, all Christendom regarded him with a dread equally superstitious. The Vandals, Ostrogoths, Gepidae, and many of the Franks fought under his banner, and in a short time his dominion extended over the people of Germany and Scythia, i. e., from the frontiers of Gaul to those of China. The Emperor Theodosius collected an army to oppose the inundation of the barbarians, but in three bloody engagements fortune declared against him. Constantinople owed its safety solely to its fortifications and the ignorance of the enemy in the art of besieging; but Thrare, Macidon, and Greece were over-run. In 451 Attilla turned his course to the west to invade Gaul, but were boldly confronted and defeated by Actius, leader of the Romans, and Theodoric, King of Visigiths. In the following year Attila had recovered his strength, and made an invasion into Italy, devastating Liguria, Milan, Padua, and other cities, and driving the terrified inhabitants into the Alps, Apennines, and the lagoons of the Adrian Sea, where they found Venice. The Roman Emperor was helpless, and Rome itself was saved from destruction only by the personal meditation of Pope Leo I. This deliverance was regarded as a miracle by the affrighted Romans, and old chronicles relate that the apostles Peter and Paul visited the camp of Attila and changed his purpose. By 453, however, Attila appears to have forgotten the visits of the two beautiful apostles, for he made preparations for another invasion of Italy, but died of hemorrhage on the night of his marriage with the beautiful Ildiko, in 458. It is said that his body was placed in three coffins—the first of gold, the second of silver, and the third of iron; that the empanion of his horses, his arms and ornaments were buried with him, and all the captives who were employed to make his grave were put to death, so that none might betray the resting place of the King of the Huns.

Best Man at Weddings.

S. B., Baker, Kansas:

Please tell how the "best man" at weddings came to be used?

The custom of having a best man is one of some antiquity; just how old we cannot say. It is a relic of the old days of the fittest. It is said that in an old church in Gothland, in Sweden, a pile of lances is preserved. Each of the lances is fitted to hold a torch, and it is said the weapons were used at one time to give light and protection to the marriage parties on the way to church, the ceremony taking place at night, as a precaution against the bride being taken away by some Lochinvar who claimed a better right to her than the duly recognized suitor. A recent writer, describing a marriage in Khuristan, says he saw a young man carrying off his bride surrounded by a bodyguard of some 20 or 30 men. These men were supposed to be protecting the happy couple from a party of young women, who hurled pieces of earth and tamboos at the procession and made a show of rescuing the bride. As soon, however, as the bridegroom reached his own village with his charge the assailants ran home, screaming and laughing. Among ourselves the term "best man" is said to be a survival of the time when the bridegroom had to carry off his young bride by violence, and had to get strong hands to aid him in securing the object of his affections. There is probably, also, a survival of the assaults that were then made on marriage parties in the showers of rice and old slippers bestowed so freely on the newly wedded.

William Wallace.

Mrs. Tina Morgan, Avenue City, Mo.:

Will you please give as lengthy an article as space will permit on the life of William Wallace?

William Wallace was a Scotch patriot, the younger son of a good family. Neither the date nor the place of his birth have been ascertained, but there is no doubt that the former can be assigned to the reign of Alexander III. Nothing certain is known of his education or his early life. When Edward offered pardon to the other Scottish leaders on certain terms, Wallace was excepted by name. If he chose to surrender, he might do so, but it was to be without conditions, and his life was to be at the King's mercy. Efforts were also made to discover his retreat and secure his person, but these were finally successful. In the year 1305 he was seized by some of his own countrymen and delivered to Edward. He was carried to London, and with the mockery of the forms of justice, tried for treason. He was condemned and executed August 23, 1305. The chief authority of the life of Wallace, as told by Scottish writers, is the poem of Henry the minstrel.

Miscellaneous.

Josie Miller, Portland, Ind. See BLADE of October 6, 1887.

George Congleton, Otego, Kan. See BLADE of August 11, 1887.

I. L. Valentine, Mt. Vernon, Ill. See BLADE of October 6, 1887.

M. E. Watson, Cherry Point, Ill. See BLADE of March 31, 1887.

I. T. S., Port Washington, O. See BLADE of December 29, 1887.

Vinton Graham, Flowerville, Mich. See any school geography.

A. A. Brooks: Address of firm selling goods cannot be given in the BUREAU.

L——: No name nor address accompanies your question; see head of BUREAU.

I. R. Nye, Hortonville, Wis. Consult some geography. Please do not ask such questions.

J. Potter, Craborchard, Ill. See BLADE of March 31, 1887, also BLADE of January 30, 1887.

"Reader, Green River, Ill. You have not complied with the rules at the head of this column. 1. Write to the BLADE counting room.

M. E. Benson, West Plains, Mo.: Address your request to your Congressman at Washington, or to the secretary of the Treasury.

J. J. R., ——: To answer your question would be to stir up a religious discussion which the BUREAU does not studiously to avoid.

W. F. Tucker, St. Helens, Oregon: You ask ten questions; see instruction at the head of the BUREAU; ditto L. E. Spear, Shirley, Ill.

M. W. Adams, Linden, Pa.: Your question has been answered in the BLADE'S news columns and we cannot republish the matter.

Subscriber.—Will you please publish the song "The Golden Slippers."

The song is copyrighted and we cannot publish it.

M. P., Atlanta, Idaho: We cannot answer questions regarding the liability of firms; doubtless your bird is not a singer and can't be made to sing.

C. D., Kansas: Your questions are not of general interest; they are more in the nature of conundrums and the BUREAU has no time to devote to such matter.

A. C. P., Rising City, Neb.:

We cannot republish articles which have already appeared in the BLADE. It is injustice to the great mass of our subscribers.

J. M. P., Brantwood, Ark.:

If a President-elect should die before inauguration, would the Vice-President elect be inaugurated President?

Yes.

C. T. F., Paw Paw Ford, Tenn.:

What day of the week did November 28, 1859, occur? 2. On what day of the week did December 29, 1861, occur?

1. Tuesday. 2. Sunday.

H. F. M., Russellville, Tenn.:

1. What is the meaning of "The Mill of the Gods?" 2. Is it true that the image of a murderer can be seen in the eye of his victim?

1. The term is applied to the courts of justice. 2. No.

No Name, Scottsburg, Ky.:

1. Tell me what causes the gulf stream to deflect and reject its former course. 2. Has any one ever attempted to go to the south pole.

1. The gulf stream was fully answered some weeks since. 2. No.

A. K., Burr Oak, Mich.:

Why did President Hayes take the oath of office privately the day before his public inauguration?

To prevent any unforseen action on the part of the Democrats to put Tilden in office.

A. R. G., Trenton, Mo.:

Will you kindly give a sketch of "Cleveland's substitute and his present residence.

The biographies of Cleveland's substitute has been printed in the BLADE and we cannot reproduce it. He is alive, living in New York state and claims to be in poor circumstances.

John Lawrence, Toledo, O.:—The story of the "Devil Kid" is not true. It was the work of some newspaper reporter whose ambition to create a sensation ran away with what should have been his good judgment. He made the story contradict itself and filled it with so many improbabilities that it is surprising that anybody believed it for a minute. Newspapers published the story simply to show what an ingenius writer could do when he once sets about it.

W. H. F., Moscow, Mich.:

1. I have been told that Wm. T. Sherman went into the army, came out, and is now, a Democrat. Is it a fact? 2. If the Michigan caucus regulations are not complied with does that make the election void?

1. He is a strong Republican. 2. Consult some Michigan lawyer.

S. A. W., Northville, Conn.:

Will the BLADE please inform me of the origin of popular names of the states, with a short history of what transpired politically or financially that gave them their peculiar names? For instance, Lone Star, Badger State, etc?

Your question was answered fully some time ago and cannot be repeated.

C. F. Hamilton, Tenn., writes:—Having seen two answers as to the origin of the name Council Bluffs, Ia., I would like to give the story as I have been told it. It originated by Pawnee Indians holding council there in an early day. The Mormons stopped eighteen miles above there, and the village they formed was called St. John, and near the present city of Missouri Valley Junction. There are some of J. Smith's followers scattered around there yet.

N. B. Stone, Woodbury, Conn.:

Please give a short biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was born in London about the year 1809; died 1861. Her first important essay in authorship was a translation of the "Prometheus" of Aeschylus in 1833. In 1846 she married Robert Browning. In 1850 Mrs. Browning published her collected works, together with several new poems. Her poetry is distinguished by its depth of feeling and generous sentiment.

O. C. & W. T., Woodland.

Is the raccoon a native of any other country except the United States?

The raccoon is a genus of quadruped of the bear family, but differing widely from the members of that family. They are less inperfectly plantigrade, the whole sole of the foot being indeed rested on the ground when the animal is still, but being partly raised when it walks, while when running it only touches the ground with the tips of its toes, going at a bounding gait. The raccoon is exclusively American. The common raccoon is a native of North America from Canada to the south of Mexico. Raccoon fur is extensively used in the manufacture of hats.

J. M. C., Pleasant Ridge, Kan.

Please give sketch of life of Cassius M. Clay. Also of Charles Frances Adams.

1. Cassius M. Clay was born in Kentucky in 1810 and in 1862 was appointed U. S. minister to Russia. 2. Charles Frances Adams, LL. D., B. C. L., son of John Quincy, born in 1807, was nominated by the Free Soil party for the office of vice-president, 1848; elected M. C. 1858-60; by the Republicans; minister to England 1861-68; and was one of the arbitrators of the Alabama claims, 1870. His position in England during the civil war was a most difficult one, but his duties were performed with tact and discretion. He was the Democratic candidate for Governor in Massachusetts, 1876. He has become eminent both as a statesman and a political economist.

It is a Curious Fact

That the body is now more susceptible to benefit from medicine than at any other season. Hence the importance of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now, when it will do you the most good. It is really wonderful for purifying and enriching the blood, creating an appetite, and giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

HARNESSED TO OXEN.

An Idea of the Degrading Drudgery Which German Peasant Women Must Undergo.

I can never forget the feeling of astonishment mingled with shame with which I first looked upon a woman harnessed side by side with an ox. It was on a lonely road in Switzerland, near the Italian frontier. Night had already set in, and the bonfires lighted by woodsmen on the steep mountain sides, hundreds of feet above my head, gave scarcely light enough to pick a way over the rocky road. I hurried on to reach the next village, and in my hurry almost ran into a huge mass of moving hay. A woman was pulling that hay, and an ox—not her husband—was helping her. On the same road I met scores of overtasked women who looked like veritable walking hay stacks. Strapped on their backs were funnel-like contrivances into which hay was stacked to a height of five or six feet. The men who kindly fill the funnels that their wives carry, fill the hay so high that the poor women fairly stagger under the load. For like service in the peasant women of Switzerland and Germany earn from 30 to 35 cents a day. They take their babies, their bread and their beer to the fields, wield the scythe all day long, then creep back to their hovels under their huge loads and go to bed to get up at 4 next morning and go through another twelve or fourteen hours of similar drudgery. I have seen women in Bulgaria threshing grain with sticks—a very slow and laborious process, and none the more pleasant for the burning sun that beats down in that semi-tropical country. While they were engaged in this work their brothers and husband sat on the shady side of their thatched huts and dozed or minded the children as the humor struck them. Evidently, in the Bulgarian peasants' opinion, woman's sphere is where the hardest work is to be done.

In Heidelberg I made the acquaintance of an honest red-cheeked woman who made her living by selling milk. She had a small cart that held five six-gallon cans. To this cart she hitched herself and a dog and made her rounds from house to house, selling milk at six cents a quart. This queer team stopped before the door of my lodgings punctually every morning and while I chatted a moment with the German frau the dog would lie down in his harness and rest. The frau and her husband were trying to save enough to bring them to America. The husband was a shoe-maker, but somehow never managed to save anything. There was not much profit in milk, still she would be very careful and hoped to have enough "some day." Once in America she felt sure that she and Hans could get along. It is doubtful whether the poor woman with all her economy and toil will ever reach her goal. Many months afterwards, when I was in Heidelberg, she was there still, hitened with her dog in the cart, selling milk for six cents a quart.

A Distinguished Clergyman's Testimony.

Rev. R. M. Pickens, President of the Methodist Protestant Church of South Carolina, writes from Greenville:

"About four years ago I was attacked with what the physicians pronounced neuralgic rheumatism, accompanied with erysipelas. My appetite failed me entirely, and I had an intermitting pulse and very irregular pulsations of the heart. A terrible pain soon came into my chest and shoulders, and I became so helpless that I could attend to no business at all. The pains were movable, and would sometimes pass from one part of my body to another. Finally the erysipelas broke out on my left hand and arm, and produced much swelling. I was for eighteen months afflicted in this way, and of course used a great many kinds of medicines, but nothing gave me relief. Friends finally persuaded me to try Swift's Specific. I noticed a decided improvement while taking the first bottle. I continued its use until I had taken about one dozen bottles, when I found myself sound and well again, with no sign of disease left except a stiffness in my hand, a result of the erysipelas. While taking the medicine I gained on an average two pounds of flesh per week. I thing S. S. S. a valuable medicine, and I frequently recommend it to my friends."

Write to the SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga., for a Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free to anyone."

Not a Bad One to Work Off.

An American girl recently had the honor of meeting an English nobleman, Lord P——, at an entertainment in London. He opened the conversation by asking if she had heard the story about the man who wished to cross the river with his donkey, there being no bridge, and only a small skiff as a means of getting over. The young lady adroitly avoided saying she did not know how the party managed to cross, whereupon Lord E—— condescended to try her on another tack.

"Are you the head of an awse?" said he.

"No," replied Miss P——.

"Are you the tail of an awse?"

"Certainly not," answered the lady, rather provoked.

"Then," said his lordship, "you are no end of an awse."—*Harper's Magazine for May.*

The Pith of "Othello."

What are you going to do when children get to studying Shakespeare and sneering at great ideals? When Booth and Barrett were at San Francisco, conversation at the breakfast-table between husband and wife turned upon the question of going to see "Othello." The little girl had read the play and came to no new conclusion on the subject. She said, contemptuously: "I wouldn't go to see a gentleman kill a lady or losing a handkerchief."

The Adaptability of Art.

A little Rochester girl drew the picture of a dog and cat on her slate, and, calling her mother's attention to it, said, "A cat oughtn't to have but four legs; but I drew it with six, so she could run away from the dog."

Long-Standing

Blood Diseases are cured by the persevering use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

This medicine is an Alterative, and causes a radical change in the system. The process, in some cases, may not be quite so rapid as in others; but, with persistence, the result is certain. Read these testimonials:—

"For two years I suffered from a severe pain in my right side, and had other troubles caused by a torpid liver and dyspepsia. After giving several medicines a fair trial without a cure, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was greatly benefited by the first bottle, and after taking five bottles I was completely cured."—John W. Benson, 70 Lawrence st., Lowell, Mass.

Last May a large carbuncle broke out on my arm. The usual remedies had no effect and I was confined to my bed for eight weeks. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Less than three bottles healed the sore. In all my experience with medicine, I never saw more

Wonderful Results.

Another marked effect of the use of this medicine was the strengthening of my sight."—Mrs. Carrie Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I had a dry scaly humor for years, and suffered terribly; and, as my brother and sister were similarly afflicted, I presume they had inherited it. Last winter, Dr. Tyron, (of Fernandina, Fla.,) recommended me to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and continue it for a year. For five months I took it daily. I have not had a blemish upon my body for the last three months."—T. E. Wiley, 146 Chambers st., New York City.

"Last fall and winter I was troubled with a dull, heavy pain in my side. I did not notice it much at first, but it gradually grew worse until it became almost unbearable. During the latter part of this time, disorders of the stomach and liver increased my troubles. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, after faithfully continuing the use of this medicine for some months, the pain disappeared and I was completely cured."—Mrs. Augusta A. Furbush, Haverhill, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

MR. VOORHEES, STAND UP!

A Chance for Indiana's Senator to "Explain" a Little.

Minneapolis Special in Chicago *Tribune*.

Apropos the fact that Senator Voorhees has vehemently denied the charges of treason against the government during the war of the rebellion, proferred by Senator Ingalls in his report to the senate, the following will be found of general interest. It is taken from the Memphis *Bulletin* of September 2, 1864. Certain documents had been found in Senator Voorhees' law office, and he wrote to General Henry B. Carrington, who was evidently connected in some way with the discovery of the documents, demanding a retraction. The following is a synopsis of Carrington's reply:

D. W. Voorhees:

You ask me to publish a retraction of the charge that treasonable documents had been found in your office and ask me to put the facts before the people in their true light. I never published or caused to be published the charges. The facts are these: The papers referred to are 112 copies of the ritual of the "O. A. K." a treasonable order aiming to overthrow the government of the United States, of which you are a member. The gentleman who found "these papers" told me that they were found in your office. The following are some of the "circumstances" that led me to suppose that they were correct:

The ritual had been issued in the autumn of 1863. Your Congressional documents were found in the office where "these papers" were found.

The correspondence of Senator Wall, of New Jersey, under his frank, indorsing the proposition to furnish you with 20,000 stand of Garibaldi rifles just imported, "for which he could vouch," was in the office where the papers were found.

The correspondence of C. L. Vallandingham, from Windsor, Canada West, assuring you "our people will fight," and that "he is ready," and fixing a point "on the Lima road" at "which to meet you," was in the office where these papers were found.

The correspondence of Joseph Restine, author of state, declaring that "he would like to see all Democrats unite in open and bold resistance to all attempts to keep ours a united people by 'force of steel,'" and that "this was a war against Democracy," was in the office where these papers were found.

The correspondence of J. Hardesty, who "wants you to have that 100,000 men ready, as we don't know how soon we shall need them," was in the office where this ritual was found.

The correspondence of J. J. Bingham, who asks you "if you think the South has resources enough to keep the Union forces at bay," and says "Cattle have become a source of information which he has not," was in the office where these papers were found.

These are some of the "circumstances." And yet I cheerfully accept your denial, and so respond, as you request, "that the people may know the truth."

HENRY B. CARRINGTON.

The Earth Exhales Poison

To the air in localities where vegetation, rotted by freshets, is laid bare to the sun's rays by the retiring flood. Millions of square acres, in the vicinity of the great tributaries of the Mississippi and the Missouri in the South and Southwest, give forth this fever-laden miasmatic vapor, disseminating malarial pestilence broadcast. Not only throughout the great West, but wherever on this continent fever and ague makes its periodic appearance—and what locality is wholly exempt from it?—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the recognized defense, the most highly accredited and popular means of cure. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake are eradicated by it. Nor is it less potent as a remedy for constipation, liver complaint and dyspepsia, kidney troubles, nervousness and rheumatic ailments. Use it upon the first appearance of these troubles, and with persistence.

A FREE TRADE SAMPLE.

The Kind of Reckless Assertion Made by Ex-Congressman Frank Hurd.

Boston Traveller.

Hon. Frank Hurd must be accorded the highest rank as author of leading anti-tariff whoppers. He is responsible for the statement that out of the yearly income of the American wage earner, amounting to $400, he is forced to be $133 out of his pocket because of the tariff. It must be with extreme satisfaction that the "Father of Lies" heard this crowning specimen of his art swallowed whole by an intelligent Boston audience.

It is besides particularly interesting that shipowners of toilers hasten to this tax ridden, tariff cursed land every month in order to pay one-third of what they earn to the profits of the American manufacturer. Mr. Hurd's speech was pronounced by the free trade press as masterly. For a cheeky disrespect for facts and figures it most certainly was a masterpiece.

For The Nervous The Debilitated The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nerve tonics, Celery and Coca, with other effective remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. The medicine is

Paine's Celery Compound

It fills a place heretofore unoccupied, and marks a new era in the treatment of nervous troubles. Overwork, anxiety, disease, lay the foundation of nervous prostration and weakness, and experience has shown that the usual remedies do not meet the strain and paralysis of the nervous system.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for circulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors
BURLINGTON, VT.

SUMMER'S FANCIES.

NEGLIGE GOWNS AND JACKETS.

Spring Shoes and Gloves—The Latest Fashion Fancies in the Metropolis—A Word or Two About Hats and Bonnets.

NEW YORK, May 4.—(Special letter.)—The shops are now showing special styles adapted for the various exigencies of amusement during the summer months. The most notable of these are the tennis dresses. One is figured below, of striped materials. Stripes will be all the rage on the tennis lawn this summer. These gowns are made of either striped flannel or of a new striped cotton goods, which is a gingham, but has a finish that makes it look like flannel at a little distance. The stripes are a quarter of an inch broad, in pale blue, pink and white, or some similar combination. The girls will look as if they were in uniform, but what's the odds so long as they are in the fashion?

TENNIS STRIPES.

Summer afternoon gowns will be made of bengaline, figured brilliantines or mohair, Indian silks and wool bigognes in sheer qualities scarcely heavier than a taffeta silk. These gowns are made up in dainty ornate styles which characterize a semi-dress. Bengaline, which promises to be exceedingly popular for this purpose, is an old-time poplin under a new name, while brilliantines or mohairs are simply a revival of the old-time alpaca, now reappearing after a lapse of many years in figured patterns of exceeding beauty. Accession of velvet in dark artistic hues are used on these gowns harmonizing with the old India and tapestry colorings shown this season in bengalines and summer silks. Similular trimmings of velvet are used on the figured mohairs.

Most of these gowns mentioned, with the exception of bengaline, are made up in solid costumes. The skirts are fully draped. A jabot of creamy Mechlin lace sometimes borders the narrow panel of dark velvet at the side, and a vest of similar lace with the velvet panels on either side ornaments the basque. A wide scant flounce borders grounds of bengaline on the bottom, and is trimmed with three gordets of moire ribbon about an inch in width. A cluster of long loops and ends of velvet is set far back among the full bouffant back draperies of the gown, and a similar cluster of ribbon catches up the drapery of the dress at the side near the front. The basque of this gown is finished with a vest striped with ribbon with revers of velvet and velvet cuffs.

Surah jackets, in blouse shape with trimmings of silver or gold tinsel, sometimes called "theatre jackets," because of their popularity abroad among theatre goers who do not appear in full dress, are worn in this country for matinees, with any dress. They are made in red surah, with trimmings of gold tinsel, or, in pale blue or pink surah, with trimmings of silver tinsel. Pretty matinees are made of India silks, in fancy Oriental patterns, with high collars, and are slashed at intervals in button-hole stitch on the borders, through which moire or satin ribbon are run in and out for ornament. There is nothing distinctively new in French matinees of white nainsook. Trimmings of Valenciennes lace have superseded all others for the time. These gowns are usually in two pieces. The skirt is flounced, each flounce daintily tucked with fine needle work, and headed by lace, the bottom of the skirt being finished with three falls of lace, the two lower being supported by narrow ruffles under the outer ruffle, giving a full bouffant effect to the edge of the skirt.

Matinee sacques are fitted at the back and loose at the front, with full vests of lace that fall over the hips in two ruffles. Deep high hands finish these sacques, and a new feature of spring matinees is a fall of pleated lace in the neck. Large, loose matinee sacques of cream-white crape cloth are smocked in honeycomb pattern in close yoke shape around the shoulders, caught in at the waist with girdle of white moire ribbon and finished with full sleeves, run in at the wrist in fine honeycomb smocked work. Dimity lawn is a fine sheer material in any tiny colored dot and spring design, used frequently for very simple colored matinee gowns to be worn in one's room.

Silk skirts of colored taffetas in changeable effect, finished at the bottom with narrow pink ruffles, surmounted by a wide flounce cut in deep saw-teeth and also pinked, are exceedingly popular for underskirts in Paris. Underskirts are also shown in plain duchesse, finished with a simple pleating on the edge. Plain bal-morals for substantial wear are made of black or gray mohair, and range in price from $2 upward. Bustles are considerably smaller than those worn last season, and those made cross-bar muslin, in which the steels may be removed when they are laundered, are preferred during the summer to the pad bustle of hair.

The tan-colored gloves retain their popularity, although stone and pearl-gray gloves are very fashionable, and they estimate that ten of tan-colored gloves to one of any other are sold among fashionable women. The buttoned glove of dressed kid, ranging from four to six buttons, is worn exclusively in the morning with street costumes, while the mousquetaire Suede glove in eight or twelve button length is the accepted glove for afternoon, for theaters, for receptions and any semi-dress occasions. The glove for dress occasions is a Suede mousquetaire which will fully turn the elbow, or a long glove which will reach up to the shoulder. These are the arbitrary rules of the glove, but are modified daily by persons whose means or careless of such minutiae and by others who are ignorant.

The most approved styles of bonnets and hats are characterized by refinement of style and care to avoid the use of bizarre effects. Comparatively little tinsel is seen among these bonnets. Flowers, loops and bows of grosgrain ribbon, and soft clusterings of point d'esprit lace, are the principal trimmings used. The charming English turban of straw in the long shape, so becoming to American girls, is finished with a brim of velvet full puffed in front and plain at the back, and trimmed with a soft cluster of point d'esprit and a large natural bunch of tiny button rose buds, with leaves and stems, and a long, slender-spiked ornament of gold at the side. Another turban bound with plain velvet trimmed with a full cluster of black and white tips and black lace and a few loops of ribbon.

Pale apple-green straws, a shade popular with black dresses, are trimmed with large negligee bows of pale green gros-grain and full soft high-puffs of crushed pink roses, veiled softly red. A charming little shirred bonnet of red crape is veiled with illusion dotted with large faced beads of jet. Full pleatings of Chantilly lace and loops of coquelicot red gros grain ribbon trim the hat. A bonnet of white chip, ornamented with applique figures of Chantilly lace caught down with gold beads is finished with a narrow brim of gold, veiled with lace, a large bow of yellow and white ribbon in the knot of which is run a chased gold ring and brides of black Chantilly lace. A bonnet of red point d'esprit is bordered entirely around the brim with a glossy wreath of green ivy leaves and red holly berries. A little empote bonnet of mixed blue and white straw is trimmed with long looped bows of blue gros-grain ribbon with fine edge of gold metal. Full clusters of white violets complete the trimmings. Bonnets of black Chantilly lace are popular with New York women for dressy wear. Brims of fine jet, loops of black velvet or satin ribbon and bandeaux of pink roses or ivy leaves trim these bonnets.

The favorite style of walking boots is made of French kid with patent leather tips either pointed or straight, and straight edged button piece. A few shoes are made of a patent leather band, straight around the shoe with pointed tip. Calfskin boots for country wear are made in masculine English style, with broad soles and square heels. Low shoes will be worn altogether during the coming season for the country and at watering places, and in the city in the heat of summer. For cold days fashionable shoemakers furnish overgaiters of black or colored cloths which may match the coats of the wearer. Low Oxford shoes are made of black or russet morocco, foxed with patent leather. Oxford ties of canvas are shown for yachting shoes, with a vamp of patent leather or trimmings, or broad toe of patent leather. These shoes are made with medium low heels for street wear. Pompadour slippers with Louis XV heels are shown in black and colored Suede kid, especially in natural Suede color and French gray kid, with patent leather vamps. The Regent slipper, which differs from the Pompadour in omitting the square lapel over the instep, is finished with a tiny square or oval buckle, scarcely three-quarters of an inch in length, of jet or silver. Pompadour slippers are finished with large square buckles of oxidized silver or jet. Toilet slippers are shown in plain low shapes of red morocco or Suede kid. For children's wear, boots and Oxford ties are shown, of French kid with patent leather vamps and tan-colored morocco.

SAYS HE KNOWS CHARLEY ROSS,

And That the Lost Young Man's Father Also Knows Where He Is.

L. G. Reno, a prosperous and intelligent farmer, living about one and one-half miles from Cooperstown, New York, in the course of conversation with a friend the subject of the abduction of Charley Ross was mentioned as an unexplained event.

"

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1888.

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TOLEDO BLADE CO..... Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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Circulation Last Week, 104,000.

THE TARIFF ISSUE.

The great Presidential battle of 1888 will be fought on the tariff issue. All other points of difference between the two great parties will be subsidiary to the great question, whether our economic system shall be changed, and this country be made a mere producer of raw materials for Europe, or whether the policy which has made her a great nation, industrially independent of the world, wealthy and prosperous, shall be continued.

The BLADE believes that our present policy should be continued, because it is the one which is best for our farmers and our workingmen. The country has flourished under protection. Protection means independence. As we acquire independence, the tariff, still protective in principle, should be readjusted to the changed conditions of the country, but that should be done by those who believe in it and not by those who hate it and who wish to break it down.

In order to make the questions in issue regarding the tariff plain to every one, we shall begin, in the BLADE, early in June, the publication of a

TARIFF PRIMER,

In which the subject will be explained, from the definition of a duty upwards. This series of articles will be written in so plain a style that any intelligent schoolboy can understand the matter. We shall deal with FACTS, and leave moonshine theorizing to the Cobden club devotees.

We find that the people are wide awake in this matter, and anxious to understand it thoroughly. We hope, therefore, that our friends will aid in getting up campaign lists of subscribers to begin at that time, so that every one may have the "Primer" from the very beginning. Our campaign terms will be ready by May 20.

We shall be glad to have questions and points sent us at once to be embodied in this series.

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

THE WORK OF BEER.

There are many good people who look hopefully on the figures which show that the consumption of beer is increasing faster in this country than that of spirituous liquors—or, to use two distinctive terms which have come into the mouths of the people within the past few years, there is a greater use of "soft" than of "hard" drinks. It is pitiful that there should be such extreme ignorance of the real evil of alcoholic drinks, whether brewed or distilled. To say that the beer habit is increasing does not mean that there is less drunkenness, for beer intoxicates, and its effects upon the drinker are as serious in the end as those of any other form of Rum.

A New York reporter, speaking of a certain locality in the east side of New York City, which is closely populated by the working classes, remarks: "Out of fifty women arrested here last summer, I learned that thirty of them got their first taste for liquor from beer." The havoc that is worked in our cities among the working population by the beer habit is comparatively unknown to the American public, even in the better quarters of the same cities. But it is a fact that beer is more often the beverage with a very large class than even water. They buy it by the quart at the doggeries and "corner groceries," which may be found on every hand in these densely-populated sections, each with a side door, with the legend, "Family entrance," where women and children may resort with bucket or pitcher—a proceeding which is slangily referred to as "working the growler."

The remark of the reporter above quoted only adds one item to the proof everywhere accumulating that the use of beer by women has a tendency to create a taste for stronger stimulants. The danger in this direction is increasing in all our cities, and it is one of the most alarming features of social disorder. A beer-drinking mother becomes careless and neglectful of her children, and her example to them is most pernicious. A wife spending her husband's wages for beer is apt to be deceitful, and she robs home to gratify her habit.

The wreck of many families can be traced to this evil cause, and the talk of which we heard so much a few years back that lighter drinks would kill out the desire for stronger ones has turned out exactly the opposite. This beer habit has made the risk of marriage and of making homes by wage-earners greater than heretofore, and there can be no calamity equal to that of adding difficulties to the problem of civilization in this direction.

Aside from this moral deterioration of the victims of the beer habit, the destruction of the homes of the people, and the incalculable evil done to the children, thus familiarized in early life with drunkenness and its inevitable concomitants, poverty and misery, there is great bodily harm resulting to those who indulge. There is a wide-spread belief, which is utterly erroneous, that beer is a wholesome drink, and that it is to some extent a food. Nothing could be further from the truth. The champions of beer point to the fact that the English laborers use beer largely as a beverage. This is true, but there is a wide difference between their beer and the kind made by American brewers. The percentage of alcohol in that made here is very much greater, and it is doctored with various kinds of chemicals that render it a poison. It may be instructive to quote the opinion of physicians upon the evils of beer drinking.

Dr. W. H. MAYS, superintendent of the Stockton insane asylum, Iowa, in his report to the state board of health, has the following on the use of beer:

Nothing will lower the vital forces so steadily and surely, nothing will degenerate the organic tissues so rapidly, as the use of beer every day and year after year. It coarsens a man in appearance, in morals, in mental fibre, in physical constitution. It is more productive of brutality, sensualism and the lower forms of crime than is whisky-drinking. It is the beverage of the Bill Sykes, of the vulgar ruffian, the bestial tramp.

Many of the older readers of the BLADE will recall the testimony of several leading physicians of Toledo against the use of beer, published in these columns several years ago. These opinions were so strong, however, that we reproduce the more striking portions:

Dr. S. H. Bergen (35 years' practice).—It kills quicker than any other liquor. Pneumonia, pleurisy, fever, etc., have a first mortgage on the beer-drinker.

Dr. S.S. Thorne.—In regard to surgical operations, every physician dreads to have anything to do with beer-drinkers. It is dangerous for a beer-drinker to even cut his finger.

Dr. M. H. Parmalee.—Beer is worse than whisky, the hops now combined in the beer producing congestion of the liver, dyspepsia, and kindred diseases. Habitual beer-drinkers seem to have no power to resist disease.

Dr. W. T. Ridenour.—Beer-drinkers are very liable to die of pneumonia, and when a confirmed beer-drinker takes pneumonia he dies.

Dr. S. S. Lungren.—Every part of the body of a confirmed beer-drinker becomes loaded down with morbid and poisonous matter, and every part will soon fall into ruin and decay.

Dr. J. T. Woods.—Lager beer, if used at all, should be used as a medicine, as are ipecac, quinine, rhubarb and strychnine.

Dr. C. A. Kirkley.—There is no more fruitful source of Bright's disease than beer-drinking. The evil effects are not confined to the consumers of the beverage, but are transmitted to their offspring.

Dr. C. W. Chapman.—I regard beer as harmful as ardent spirits, brandy and whisky, as it produces fatty degeneration of the heart, liver and kidneys.

Dr. G. A. Collamore.—Beer-drinking produces a morbid effect upon the heart, lungs, brain, stomach, liver and kidneys. The brain is kept in a hyperemic condition which prevents normal cerebration or the accurate use of the mental faculties.

One more fact, and a weighty one, needs to be added to this array of scientific evidence against the use of beer. The business of life insurance is one which excludes mere sentiment. It is conducted upon rules ascertained from experience, and as the profits of the company depend upon the reasonable expectation of life of the persons insured, we may be certain that if they make any discrimination against applicants upon the ground of their drinking habits, that discrimination must be based upon ascertained facts. It is a fact that the best and safest life insurance companies will not insure the life of a confirmed beer-drinker. A man not addicted to drinking, at the age of 40, is considered a good risk; a beer-drinker aged 40 can get no insurance—because his life is held by too precarious a tenure. The risk is too great. These companies are even more careful against beer-drinkers than against whisky-guzzlers, because beer sows the seeds of disease and death in the system, and renders the victim liable to death from an illness that would be but trifling in its effects upon a man of good constitution.

Beer is a form of Rum which soddens the brain and vitiates the moral nature. It predisposes to melancholy, and it is beginning to be noted in our cities that a large percentage of suicides are among persons who use beer freely. It was long ago noted that this was the case in certain European capitals. As for its being a food, there is not as much nutriment in a barrel of it as in one loaf of honest bread. It is nauseous to the taste of one unaccustomed to it, and nothing but the alcohol in it could ever induce any one to swill it down. Deprived of its alcohol, it is a vile, ill-smelling, horrible-tasting stuff, not more inviting than a draught from a swill-barrel. The legislature of Ohio recognized that beer guzzling is just as much of an evil as the drinking of any other form of Rum when, a few weeks ago, it removed the distinction in the taxing law of the state and made the liquor tax the same for all varieties of Rum—spirituous, malt or vinous.

It is time that the terrible error that beer-drinking is comparatively harmless by the side of the consumption of spirits should be corrected. That lie has been one of the most potent means through which the Rum Power has extended its empire over the people of this country. In its effects upon the confirmed drunkard it is certainly as bad as whisky, and to the majority it is but the introduction to the use of "hard" drinks. Beer should have no quarter from the friends of temperance. No matter in what form Rum appears, it is drank because of the alcohol in it, and for the sake of the exhilaration which that poison gives the system in the first stages of drunkenness. There is no safety for any one who indulges in any form of Rum, and there is no way of saving the great mass of humanity from the danger which menaces them from the use of Rum except by stopping both its manufacture and its sale—through Prohibition to sweep away the entire occupation of those who manufacture it and deal in it, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE opportunity to reduce the surplus which is afforded by the law of Congress authorizing the purchase of bonds has put the Democratic administration in a quandary. If many bonds are offered, there will be practically no surplus, and if there is practically no surplus the tariff becomes at once "a tariff for revenue only." And what then becomes of Democratic free trade aspirations?

ALL the talk about Gen. JOE JOHNSON and the Grand Army Post which was said to have elected him a member, is thus settled in accordance with the facts by the Philadelphia *Ledger*:

General Joseph E. Johnson cannot possibly be admitted to actual membership in the Grand Army of the Republic, and E. D. Baker Post only acted with ordinary courtesy, when it acknowledged his gift of money to the charitable fund by electing him a contributing member.

THE Sherman club, of Mansfield, is going to take the Sherman boom to Chicago in grand style. It has completed arrangements to run a special train of 25 coaches, filled with members of the club, to the convention. The delegates from surrounding towns will join the excursion, so that about 2,000 will roll into Chicago on the special train to boom the Senator's candidacy.

IF BLAINE runs, then either he will be the nominee, or else a dark horse—and the Blaine men will be strong enough to name the sable steed. In that case, the one thing certain is that it will be none of the men whose competing candidatures rendered BLAINE'S nomination impossible. Stick a pin there.

CONGRESSMAN W. L. SCOTT, free trade shrieker, chief baron of the coal ring, and Pennsylvania manager for CLEVELAND, doesn't take kindly to Jacksonian simplicity. Instead of a corn-cob pipe and "six-twist" his favorite smoke is a brand of cigars which cost $146 per box.

JOHN V. FARWELL, of Chicago, who was an enthusiastic Blaine man in 1884, declares that some other man should be the candidate this year. He says "BLAINE has been trying it too long."

THE essence of the free trade theory, according to the Philadelphia *Press*, is that "the markets of America belong to the labor of Europe."

VOORHEES won't monkey with a buzz saw again in a hurry.

WHO SHALL PASS THE PLATE?

Down East some church people, who find that the regular Sunday contributions show a beggarly aggregate, are discussing ways and means for increasing the Sunday morning crop of nickels and buttons on the contribution plates. One plan suggested seems worthy of discussion. It is, that ladies shall be selected to "pass the plates."

It is argued in favor of the plan that with a lady mutely asking a contribution, the average man would be more likely to be liberal; that his soul would scorn to drop a button among the collection with a pair of pretty, yet sharp, feminine eyes scrutinizing him, and that nickels would be replaced by dimes and quarters; that ladies would contribute generously, knowing that the feminine collector would be apt to say something that would be unpleasant at the next session of the sewing-circle, amid the gossip that attends the making up of a batch of red flannel shirts for the infant colored population of Borrioboola-Gha; and that, by the working up of a judicious rivalry among the lady collectors, the different sections of the congregation would be gradually educated up to the point of liberal giving.

On the other hand, it is argued that only pretty girls could only be successfully utilized to increase the contributed fund, at least so far as the male portion of the congregation is concerned; that the selection of two, or four, young ladies on the basis of beauty would lead to a violent ruction in the church, in behalf of those whose charms were thus publicly slighted by the selecting committee; that modest young ladies would not accept the positions, anyhow, and immodest ones—well, of course, there are none such to be found in the fold; and, lastly, that the contributions must not be forced under duress, or many people will find church-going a too expensive luxury, and will remain at home, doing religious duty by proxy by sending the children to Sunday-school, and luxuriating *en dishabille* in a novel, and accompanying cigar.

To us, it seems plain that lady collectors in our churches with the contribution plates would raise nearly twice as much as men collectors, who nonchalantly pass the plate, and are indifferent to whether you give anything or not. We have lady solicitors at our fairs, and why not lady contribution collectors in our churches? But whether the result would be to raise a row among the sisters, and drive the men away from the sanctuary, we humbly beg to be excused from giving our opinion. Perhaps some Toledo church will try the plan by way of experiment. The BLADE will take pleasure in chronicling its progress and result.

THE CIGARETTE EVIL.

A great many people are disposed to laugh at the cigarette as a weak imitation of a cigar, and on indulgence in cigarette smoking as something too trivial for sober talk. The fact is brought out, however, by the recent discussion in the United State Senate, that cigarette smoking is "a a very great and very serious evil," to quote the words of Senator CHACE, of Rhode Island, who presented a petition from 257 Washington physicians, praying for the passage of the bill to prohibit the selling or furnishing of cigarettes, or of tobacco in any of its forms, to any youth under 16 years of age, in the District of Columbia. Senator STEWART declared that "cigarettes are destroying more youth than any other one thing that is affecting the prosperity of the country."

It is a fact that the cigarette habit has been added to the causes of death among American youth. The newspapers each week chronicle instances, and it may readily be understood that the vast majority of the cases never get into the papers. They are chronicled under the head of "heart trouble," "nervous disease," or something similar, rather than as the result of over-indulgence in cigarette smoking. Not long ago the estimate of a number of New York physicians was published that there were in that city at least 3,000 cases of impaired health, chiefly among boys and young men, as the result of the cigarette habit. In Chicago the habit became so general among schoolboys, and girls as well, that the teachers petitioned for a state law against the sale, which the legislature passed.

It may be asked, why the smoking of cigarettes is so particularly harmful to youth, and whether it is any worse than the smoking of full-sized cigars. The testimony of those of the medical profession who have made a study of the tobacco habit is that it is particularly harmful to all persons during the period of growth, stunting their physical development, destroying the tone of the nervous system, and laying the foundation of obstinate lung and throat diseases, dyspepsia, heart disease, etc., which do not develop until later in life. The cigarette is worse than the cigar, because the cheaper grades are made up of tobacco of the cheapest quality; old cigar stumps, loaded with nicotine and the dried saliva of their former smokers; and then the whole abominable mess doctored with opium or other drugs to mask the nauseous taste and render palatable.

Altogether, there seems to be strong reasons why the law should interfere and protect the rising generation from the physical evils which come from the use of cigarettes. If people wish to smoke, let them wait until they have reached maturity, when the harm that can be done is reduced to a minimum. The sale of cigarettes has become something enormous in this country. There are 1,200,000,000 made every year at home, and 50,000,000 more imported, which gives an average of 50 a year to every male person in the country. Several states have already passed laws forbidding the sale or furnishing of tobacco in any form to miners under 16 years of age under heavy penalty, including Ohio; and the general public should be aroused to the extent of the evil in order that the law may be properly enforced.

NASBY'S BOOKS.

We now have in stock all the published works of D. R. LOCKE, and can fill orders promptly. The demand for the "Cross Roads" letters in book form exceeded our expectations, and we have just caught up with back orders. We have announced on 5th page of this issue full particulars, prices, etc.

THE Springfield, Mass., *Republican*, one of the "Independent" Republican bolters of 1884, sizes up the Pennsylvania Republican convention thus:

The Republican state convention in Pennsylvania last week, which chose delegates to the national convention, does not appear to have been particularly enthusiastic for Blaine. * * * The friends of Senator Cameron desired an expression in favor of his nomination for the Presidency, but were unable to obtain it. The convention seems to have been impressed by the serious situation of the party and disposed to sink personal preferences in the effort to secure unity.

The action of the Pennsylvania state convention was most commendable. The heavy delegation from the Keystone state will swing into line at the proper time for the most available candidate, and lead the boom that will secure him the nomination.

THE total fire losses in this country during the month of April were $11,326,350, being $424,350 less than for the corresponding month last year. But a loss which would average $132,000,000 per year is entirely too great. It is worse than the surplus.

RHODE ISLAND'S Republicans, in state convention assembled, regret the withdrawal of BLAINE, but will cheerfully support the nominee of the Chicago convention. So say we all.

THE ILLINOIS PLATFORM.

Illinois is the typical Republican state of the West, and her sturdy sons have always voiced, in their state platforms, a line of policy in harmony with the majority Republican opinion of the Union. That formulated at the recent state convention is no exception to the rule. It covers all points at issue between the two great parties, and occupies the same ground that must of necessity be taken by the national convention at Chicago.

This admirable document reaffirms the national platform of 1884, and expresses the conviction that a change of federal administration will greatly promote the public interests. It declares that the Democratic party is not entitled to the confidence of the people, in that it has violated all its promises of reform, and has become merely an organization for official spoils. It points to the fact that the president solemnly pledged himself to carry out civil service reform, but has converted that reform into a shallow pretense, with the full approval of his party; that he committed himself to the one-term principle in his letter of acceptance, but is now using the federal patronage to secure his nomination and re-election. It points out the inconsistency of the Democratic party in professing attachment to state sovereignty and home rule, yet denying both to the people of Dakota; in professing love for Union soldiers and sailors, yet pursuing a policy of refusing relief in congress to them; in demanding a reduction of the surplus, yet, with a majority in the branch of Congress which alone can originate revenue legislation, for six years past, it has not passed a bill for such purpose.

The exposition of the tariff policy of the Democratic party is so admirable that we reproduce it in full:

Its proposed tariff legislation is a glaring subterfuge, and an attempt to destroy the American policy of protection to American industries and labor in the interest of foreign countries, which, if successful, must necessarily bring disaster upon the business of this country and tend to reduce the American rate of wages to European standards.

Continuing its arraignment of the Democratic party, the platform points out that since it has been in power it has made no attempt to defend the seaboard against foreign invasion; that its foreign policy has been weak to the verge of humiliation; that the postal service is a disgrace to the country, and that there is a lamentable want of honesty of purpose and efficiency of administration. It concludes with a tariff plank that, without doubt, expresses the position of the vast mass, not only of the Republican party, but of the people of the country:

The Republican party is in favor of the maintenance of such tariff as will guarantee the protection of the American manufacturer against the pauper labor of the old world. It believes in the development of its home industries by all rational means.

THE PRICE OF GRAIN.

Over-production of of wheat and other cereals for several years has cut down the profits of the farmers of the world. The diminished gains of the agricultural community are not confined to the United States. Throughout the great grain-growing countries of the world the prices have been low since 1884, at least. The two great causes of this decline are the spread of agriculture, especially the growth of wheat, the production of which has increased more rapidly than the consumers, and the opening of easier and cheaper means of conveyance to the great markets of the world.

How can tariff reduction remedy this? How could free trade, even supposing it were possible for us to adopt it, which it is not, increase the price, when the supply is in excess of the demand? The only effect that the passage of the Mills bill could have would be to revolutionize our industrial system. Men now employed in manufacturing or in the occupations depending thereon would be thrown out of work, and compelled, as even the free traders admit, to turn to farming. This would still further increase the production of grain, and cut off a large portion of the home market. We now consume at home over nine-tenths of our total of agricultural products, and export less than one-tenth. Tariff reduction means simply a large increase in our production, through forcing men who are now consumers to become producers, at the same time cutting off a portion of the home market.

THERE is an allusion in the opening paragraph of Senator INGALLS'S speech in the Senate on the 1st to General FITZ JOHN PORTER, which is interesting as giving the real reason why the Southern Congressmen were an unit in supporting the bill to restore that disgraced officer to the rank he once held. The letter was sent to a Northern Congressman through a mistake of PORTER'S in addressing the letter. It was dated only four months ago—January 11, 1888. The following extract from it shows where PORTER'S sympathies were while he was in command of Union troops:

And now to you, one of the thousands of kind, generous friends whose hearts I have felt, whose forms I have never seen nor warm hands touched, I beg to express my heartfelt appreciation of your kindness in my behalf and to assure you, all of you, North and South, that my heart is and always has been with you, though at one time my hand and my head worked the best they knew against you and your cause, believing as I did it was for the best.

THE Democratic national convention at St. Louis will be made up of two delegates from each Congressional district and four at large from each state. It will not contain delegates from the territories and from the District of Columbia, as the Republican convention will. Hence it will stand:

District delegates	650
State delegates-at-large	152
Total	802

The Republican convention will nominate by a majority, but for years the two-thirds rule has been followed by Democratic conventions. Hence it will require 535 votes to nominate at St. Louis.

THE New York *Sun* is Democratic to the core, but it is frightened at the certainty of defeat that stares the Democracy in the face if they make the President's message and the Mills bill their tariff position before the people this year. The *Sun* says:

Every reduction of our tariffs has been followed by an increase of importations and an increase of the revenues from duties.

Every reduction of our tariffs has been followed by a decrease of domestic production and a decrease, or utter loss, of the wages of labor. No exception to this invariable relation of cause to effect can be found in this history of the United States.

The Presidential campaign is causing bolit in Pebaltats to boom. The Democrats are hungry for cal, but the val will dash the hopes of the Nelijik free traders. No, gentle reader, you are mistaken. The above is not a spiritual communication, but a sample of Volapuk. In that extremely ugly theoretical language, "bolit" means politics, "Pabaltats" the United States, "cal" office, "val" election, "Nelijik" English.

There is no tariff on grain elevators, but there is an elevator trust in New York and Buffalo that is extorting money from every farmer whose grain goes eastward. Why do not the free trade newspapers "go for" this trust? Are they only opposed to the few trusts that have protected articles for their objective point?

THE story that BLAINE will be on the ocean during the time the Chicago convention is in session is disposed of by the authoritative statement that Mr. and Mrs. BLAINE will make a tour of Scotland with Mr. and Mrs. ANDREW CARNEGIE before returning to the United States.

INGALLS stirred up the old "copperheads" thoroughly.

WHERE THE BATTLE WILL BE FOUGHT.

The Democratic national campaign opened months ago—when CLEVELAND sent in his free trade message to Congress—and has been in active operation ever since. It is a struggle on the part of the party of the past to hold the power it obtained by a hair's breath in 1884, that the hungry and thirsty may still bask in the sunshine of official patronage. The campaign is engineered from the White House; the battle-ground has been selected, the forces have been disposed as advantageously as possible, the issue of the campaign made—all in advance of the national convention. That body will, in effect, merely ratify what has been done. The ticket is selected, and has been for months, at least so far as its head is concerned. The second place will go to GRAY, of Indiana, it is most likely.

The selected battle-ground is the states of Indiana, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. The triumph of GRAY at the recent convention in the former state will likely make him CLEVELAND'S running mate, as it will be expected that he can carry the state for the Democratic electoral ticket.

There are 401 electoral votes, of which 201 are necessary to elect. The Solid South will give 153 for a starter. There is no use in any Republican wasting time in disputing this proposition. The ukase has gone forth that the South shall remain solid, and the Louisiana election is the reply—an earnest of the November result.

Indiana has 15 electoral votes, New York 36, New Jersey 9, and Connecticut 6. The Democratic ticket must obtain 48 to win. That party can not win with New York alone. It must have either New York and Indiana—51 votes; or New York, New Jersey and Connecticut—51 votes. There is no hope of its success save by one combination or the other. The work of solidifying the Democracy in all these states has gone on for months, and seems to be well accomplished. The New York factions are an unit on CLEVELAND. So far as work in the Democratic ranks is concerned, nearly all is already done which is possible.

Look at New York. Every federal official is a zealous worker for CLEVELAND. Every state and city official of influence has been won over. Governor HILL even has been brought into line by the promise of the succession four years hence. Connecticut and New Jersey have been "worked" in the same manner, and Indiana will be—for money is abundant in the Bourbon camp, and the price of the average Indiana Democrat was acknowledged by the Democratic leaders themselves in 1880 to be $2 a head.

The issue is free trade, or practically the first steps in the direction of absolute free trade, through a reduction of the tariff that shall strike a deadly blow at the principle of protection. The phalanx of Democracy is solid on that issue in the four debatable states.

The Republicans have done nothing actively as yet. They have been idly wasting their time in the discussion of the Presidential nomination. There is no real activity save in the formation of Republican clubs, and the Democrats are eagerly seizing on the idea. The Republican party has the advantage of being the attacking party, and of having the strongest side of the issue on which the battle hinges. But it needs to shake off its inaction, and go to work.

The Republican party can count certainly on 182 electoral votes, leaving out New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana. It has but 19 more to obtain to carry the election. It can win by carrying New York alone, or by carrying Indiana and either Connecticut or New Jersey. Now, the vote that will decide the contest in any one or all of these states is the independent vote. There are thousands of men in each, not mugwumps, but men who care but little for party, who vote as their convictions carry them. They must be appealed to by the Republican party on some issue in which they can be interested. We believe the tariff issue to be that one, and we regard it as time wasted to pay any particular attention to any other.

It is time to go to work. The enemy has taken his position, defined his lines, and waits the lagging steps of the Republican host. It is time we were in the field, and trying conclusions with him for the supremacy.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

THAT most excellent illustrated weekly, *Judge*, has sent out a portrait of MR. BLAINE as a supplement. It is a superb work of art, an excellent likeness of the great Republican leader, and was made from a photograph taken only a few weeks ago, a representative of the paper being sent to Italy on purpose to obtain it, and thus set at rest the talk about Mr. BLAINE'S ill-health, which is does most effectually. *Judge* is to be congratulated on its enterprise.

THERE is a strong feeling in Kansas in favor of ROBERT T. LINCOLN for the Republican nomination. At the Republican convention at Jetmore, recently, to elect delegates to the senatorial, congressional, and state conventions, a vote for first choice for candidate for President was taken and resulted as follows: LINCOLN, 46; SHERMAN, 9; BLAINE, 9; INGALLS, 10; HARRISON, 4; FORAKER, 3; ALLISON, 2; CULLOM, 2.

IT is worthy of note that under our protective system, which the free traders curse with such vehemence, we have reduced our importations of Brussels tapestry carpets from 2,000,000 yards in 1868 to 68,000 yards last year, and in the meantime the cost of carpets, through the active competition of American manufacturers, has been cut down to about one-half.

WE "feel to remark," as they say along the Ohio River, that the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* has no call to abate the efforts to which it thus modestly alludes:

The *Globe-Democrat* started in some time ago, to make Bob Lincoln President. Bob is not yet in the White House, but his law partner has been appointed Chief Justice.

THE Congressional campaign this fall should be devoted by the Republicans to carrying a majority of the next House of Representatives, thus settling the free trade agitation, and giving the business of the country a rest from the annual disturbance it experiences at the hands of the free trade theorists.

CANADA is endeavoring to borrow $25,000,000. She is not bothered by a surplus like that in this country, which the Democrats seem to think a calamity to the nation. Most people would prefer a surplus to a heavy interest-bearing debt.

IT looks as though the Democratic Presidential ticket will read CLEVELAND and GRAY. GROVER will find next November that GRAY don't carry Indiana in his breeches pocket, as did HENDRICKS.

INGALLS ON VOORHEES.

The speech of Senator INGALLS on Tuesday in reply to attacks made on him from the Democratic side of the Senate chamber, was a remarkably strong as well as decidedly personal one. His showing up of the treasonable record of Senator VOORHEES during the critical period of the civil war enraged the latter to such a point that he was entirely beside himself. His reply was to hurl the epithet "liar" at Mr. INGALLS and at all who testified to the facts in the case.

The leniency of the American people can have no stronger illustration than in the fact that the men who were leaders of disloyal sentiment in the North during the war have been, many of them, returned to public life. One can respect an open enemy. The men who, while utterly mistaken in their views, boldly took the side of the Confederacy, and in the ranks dared death for the cause they espoused, are entitled to respect. But no true American, be he Confederate or Union in his affiliations during the civil war, can have any respect for the cowardly men who kept up a fire in the rear of the Union armies, embarassed the national government by every means in their power, and endeavored to compel a shameful peace—a peace without honor on any terms the rebellious South should choose to dictate.

VOORHEES was one of these. There is no set of facts more clearly established, by concurrent and unimpeachable testimony, than those reviewed by Senator INGALLS in his speech. VOORHEES'S speech at Sullivan, Indiana, on August 5, 1861, when he sneeringly declared that Union soldiers should go to the nearest blacksmith shop and have iron collars put about their necks with the inscription

My dog, A. Lincoln,

and wherein he referred to them as "dogs" and "hirelings," was published in both Union and Democratic papers at the time, and there are plenty of men yet living who will testify to the truth thereof. His infamous Greencastle, Indiana, speech, made in August of the same year, in which he declared ABRAHAM LINCOLN to be a "monster" and an "unhung felon," asseverated that the war was a failure, and said many more treasonable things, was reported in short-hand by J. B. MCCULLAGH, then a reporter for the Cincinnati *Commercial*, now editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, who will doubtless resent VOORHEES'S fierce denials and bring irrefragable proofs of the truth of his report.

That VOORHEES was a member and a leader of that infamous treasonable secret organization in Indiana, called the "Knights of the Golden Circle," which was formed to resist the draft by force of arms, to prevent the transfer of Union troops to the front through Indiana, to oppose the prosecution of the war, and a part of which at least was in a plot to murder Governor MORTON and to raise a rebellion in the North, rests on a mass of circumstantial proof that is convincing to any man who is personally familiar with the events of those stirring times. VOORHEES may squirm as much as he will, he cannot escape the stigma. His best and safest line of action is to keep his tongue still as to the events of the war era.

THE CENSUS OF 1890.

A bill is already before the House of Representatives, introduced by S. S. COX, making provision for taking the eleventh census, two years hence. It provides for fewer special reports than the last census, but for a more complete organization of the working force of the census bureau and more careful work. The amount appropriated is $6,000,000, which is about $300,000 more than has been expended on the census of 1880. The last expenditure that will probably be authorized upon that work is the $79,000 which Mr. COX got inserted recently in the deficiency bill to print the last four volumes. The new census will comprise only seven volumes, giving the population and social, industrial and vital statistics.

Mr. COX believes that most of the special topics treated so elaborately in the tenth census do not need treatment again at once. The amount spent upon these volumes in 1880 will just about equal the additional amount now required by the growth of population to prepare the simpler social and industrial statistics. The bill provides for a superintendent of the census at a salary of $5,000 per year and for proper subordinates. It is generally believed that Col. WRIGHT, the chief of the bureau of Labor Statistics, will be given the appointment. No better man can be found for the position.

ONE of the vexed questions to be discussed and settled by Methodist Episcopal general conference involves the standing and work of Missionary Bishop WILLIAM TAYLOR, who has spent the last four years in the Congo region. The bishop has returned in order to be on hand to speak for himself. The project of taking women and children on a missionary expedition to Africa seemed a doubtful one, and DR. TAYLOR will have to stand a sharp fire of criticism in the conference. His work must be judged in the light of its fruits, and he seems to have no fears as to the issue.

THE Michigan local option law, suppressing the liquor traffic in counties that vote for prohibition, became operative on May 7. The Detroit *Tribune* publishes returns from the various counties affected, which go to show a general obedience to the law. Some of the saloonists have gone into other business, and some have closed up. The majority are keeping open, selling non-intoxicating drinks, and waiting for the Supreme court's decision in the local option test cases. They hope the law will be declared unconstitutional.

THE Presidential preferences of the Republican editors of New York, Connecticut and New Jersey have been polled by the New York *Mail and Express*, with the following result:

Chauncey M. Depew	79
James G. Blaine	60
Walter Q. Gresham	10
John Sherman	6
William B. Allison	4
Robert T. Lincoln	3
Joseph R. Hawley	2

Benjamin Harrison, William J. Sewell, Frank Hiscock, P. H. Sheridan, Leland Stanford, B. F. Butler, each 1.

THE Milwaukee *Wisconsin* prophesies that this will be a "grass year" throughout the Northwest. The late April snows, melting slowly, acted as fertilizers to the grass, and the recent rains all over that section are causing it to spring into vigorous growth. The *Wisconsin* concludes:

Inasmuch as the grass and hay crop of the United States is in value at least seven times that of the cotton crop, people can at once understand the value of a good grass season.

JUDGE GRESHAM grows in favor as a Presidential possibility. He has no organized force of workers in his behalf, but he will come into the Chicago convention with a strong following of delegates who adhere to him because of his talents and merit, and not because of the loaves and fishes they hope to receive as reward.

THE moral of the exposure of VOORHEES'S copperhead record during the war is that the man who opposes a justifiable war, and bends his energies to embarrassing the nation in carrying it on, is never forgiven. An open, honest enemy may be; a coward who plots treason at home, never.

THE indications are that the Chace copyright bill will pass at this session of Congress, and the country at last recognize property in the fruit of literary toil, as it has long ago recognized it in inventive talent.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

In the forthcoming annual report of the United States civil service commission, there will be embodied many interesting facts as to the progress of the reform work. These will include tables illustrating every phase of the reform discussion, showing the age, birthplace, educational advantages and military service of applicants and of persons appointed, and their distribution by states and congressional districts. The reply to Senator EDMUNDS' resolution regarding changes in the service under this administration, and the reports on the Chicago and Philadelphia postoffices, will be bound up with the report, and also the replies of appointing officers to the interrogatories sent out by the commission as the effect of the rules in their offices.

The commission will carefully discuss the age-limit and the proposition to apportion appointments with mathematical exactness among the different states. They will condemn the latter proposition on the ground that it trammels the commission and the appointing officers in selecting good men by compelling them to choose from a very limited number in states from which there are few applicants. The action of the majority of the commission, Commissioners OBERLY and LYMAN, in condemning political associations among the clerks will be stated and approved, and it is not improbable that Judge EDGERTON will sign the report. He was opposed to the action of the majority at the time, but if their position is stated in dignified language he may not care to prepare a minority statement.

The matter of a new classification of the clerks, suggested by the President in his recent letter, is carefully discussed, and a plan outlined for the President's approval. Until this classification is made no action will be taken by the commission on the applications which have been received under the new rule for the promotion of employes in the unclassified into the classified service. Five of these applications are now pending, three from the Pension office, one from the Land office, and one from the Postoffice department. A full statement of the special qualifications of the persons recommended for promotion and the reasons for the recommendations has been filed by the appointing officer in each case.

NATIONAL DEBTS.

The United States is the only nation of the world which is liquidating its national debt, and the only one which has more money in the treasury than the government needs for current expenses. Last year the debts of Europe aggregated $23,422,400,000, requiring an annual sinking and interest fund of $1,068,600,000. The yearly cost of European armies and navies is, for Russia, $197,600,000; France, $171,800,000; Germany, $168,000,000; England, $148,000,000; Italy, $68,600,000; Austria, $68,400,000; Spain, $40,000,000, and Turkey also $40,000,000. The total for Europe reaches something over the billion dollar mark each year. When this thing will end no one can say, since there are no indications that the enormous burdens upon the people will ever grow less. Indeed, since 1870 the public debts of Europe have increased by the enormous sum of $8,400,000,000, the debt of France alone since the close of the Franco-German war having increased by $2,400,000,000, while Russia has added nearly as much to her indebtedness during the same period.

THE relapse in the condition of the Emperor FREDERICK of Germany seems to point to a regular recurrence of the formation of abscesses in his throat. It will be remembered that an abscess was the cause of his being brought to death's door two or three weeks ago. It matured, was discharged, and the Emperor's condition was suddenly so greatly improved that he seemed to have acquired a new hold upon life. Now we shall have over again the same story—the fever, the trouble—and perhaps the relief. FREDERICK'S malady is apparently likely to continue in this circle until the inevitable exhaustion ends his life. One abscess after another will put him in apparent extremity. Death will seem to be impending on each of these occasions, and will always be possible; yet he may pass from one to another of many such successive recurrences. Some such crisis worse than the others may end his life at any time.

THE Democrats of the Erie Congressional district, Pennsylvania, are dissatisfied with Representative W. L. SCOTT, and propose to defeat him for renomination. S. A. DAVENPORT, a prominent Democrat of Erie, and the delegate of that district to the St. Louis convention, thus states the grounds of opposition to SCOTT:

Mr. Scott has failed to keep a single promise he made at the last election. He has not expended a dollar of his enormous wealth to build up Erie, as he said he would do. Erie is growing, and was never more prosperous, but no thanks are due to William L. Scott. The latter's active and personal supporters are becoming lukewarm, simply because no man can maintain his self-respect and support Scott and his political methods. Many will not be ordered about like dogs and snubbed like curs. Scott has

BOUTELLE ON BLAINE.

Representative BOUTELLE, of Maine, who is a delegate at large to the Chicago convention, expresses in a newspaper interview, opinions on the candidacy of Mr. BLAINE that are shared by a large following of Republicans in every state of the Union. He says he not yet consulted with any of his colleagues on the Maine delegation, and does not yet know what their programme will be. He is confident they are all friends of Mr. BLAINE, and would all vote for him if it seemed wise. Mr. BOUTELLE does not think that Mr. BLAINE is call on to say anything further in regard to the nomination at Chicago. He believes that he relieved his friends and his party of any obligation by his letter stating that his name would not be presented to the convention, and that the dignified course for him now is to await events.

Mr. BOUTELLE believes, however, that if the party, notwithstanding this, feels that Mr. BLAINE is the man who can lead it nearest to victory, he is under some obligation by the honors which have been given him to accept the nomination, and he has so written Mr. BLAINE. Although Mr. BOUTELLE does not say so absolutely, it is evident that his present purpose is to vote for Mr. BLAINE in the convention, with the expectation that he will accept the nomination if it is offered to him with enthusiasm and something approaching unanimity.

ONCE in a while justice overtakes a wrong-doer with startling celerity in New York city. A policeman was caught robbing a store on his beat, of silverware, at 3:30 a. m., April 30. At 5 o'clock the chief suspended him, tearing the buttons off his coat; at 10 he was in the Tombs, an hour later he was before the grand jury, at 12:35 an indictment for grand larceny in the first degree was found, and at 12:50 he was before the recorder, where he pleaded guilty. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon, just twelve and a half hours after he was caught, he was shaved, decked in stripes and on a ten-year term, working in a convict gang-in Sing Sing. That is the way the thing ought to work. Swift retribution to an offender strikes terror to the heart of every intending evil-doer—and there are, unfortuuately, too many men who age kept honest only through wholesome fear.

THE Boston *Journal*, which is free trade in its tariff views, laments the fact that FRANK HURD is barred out of Congress, and admits the extreme unpopularity of his theories in the following paragraph:

If Mr. Hurd were a man of dull understanding or little real ability, or were a common political trickster, his enforced retirement from Congress would not be difficult to explain, but as it is, everywhere he goes and makes his earnest, logical speeches he serves as a living illustration of the extreme unpopularity of the very doctrine which he advocates. If free trade were not rejected and even abhorred by American workingmen, Frank Hurd would be in Congress now, instead of traveling around the country with unlimited leisure acting as the spokesman of "tariff reform leagues," of gentlemen who share his free-trade views, but for the most part do not dare to express them.

There is no doubt of the extreme unpopularity of free trade wherever the real issue is understood among the people. The November election will demonstrate this clearly.

THE Mills bill is among the rocks. Its friends fear that the Democratic phalanx can not be kept in its support. A Democratic caucus of Representatives has been called to determine what amendments shall receive the support of the party representatives in committee of the whole. The pressure against special features of the bill is becoming strong, and Representatives are growing anxious for their own chances of re-election next fall as they read the petitions and remonstrances of their constituents against this or that feature of the measure.

THE Supreme court of Ohio has sat down on the "social clubs," organized recently in many localities of the state which have adopted Prohibition under the local option law. The real object of these clubs is to furnish the members with liquors, although they have taken out articles of incorporation under the guise of being social and literary organizations. Quo warranto proceedings against a Delaware club were begun a couple of months ago by the Attorney General, and on May 1 the Supreme court rendered a judgment of ouster.

THE appointment of Judge MANNING F. FORCE, late of the Superior court of Cincinnati, as commandant of the new Ohio Soldiers' Home at Sandusky, is one which is received with favor everywhere. Judge FORCE was one of Ohio's best volunteer officers, and came out of the war a brigadier general. Since that time he has won a high place as a lawyer and a judge. His failing health compelled him to leave the bench, and it is eminently fitting that he should receive this appointment.

THE subject of the Farmers' Trust, which the agriculturists in convention at Topeka, Kansas, thought of forming, has been laid over till November for further consideration. The object of the proposed trust is to protect the farmer against the speculator by fixing the price of grain as it comes from the farmer: but one thing that stands in the way is the fact that the speculator can deal in "futures," while the farmer must dispose of his crop as soon as harvested.

MR. FULLER, the newly-appointed Chief Justice, has been offered by the President five positions, all of which he has declined but the last. These positions were as follows: Civil service commissioner, interstate commerce commissioner, solicitor general of the treasury, Pacific railroad commissioner, and lastly chief justice of the supreme court.

BEN FOLSOM, cousin of the President's wife, who is consul at Sheffield, England, has run over to pay a brief visit, and says the English manufacturers are deeply interested in the tariff fight here. He says they think that a reduction of our duties will help their business. Not a bit of doubt of that.

BOTH houses of Congress have adopted the resolution accepting the invitation to take part in the world's exposition at Paris in 1889. We suggest that a sample lot of mugwumps be put on exhibition, if any of that queer crowd can be found next year.

CLEVELAND'S latest pardon is that of JOHN J. MCMAHON, who stole $20,000 from a New York bank in 1884. The President's roll of pardoned criminals is much larger than the roll of Union veterans whose pension bills he has signed.

THE latest "trust" is one to control the sale of peanuts, or "goobers," as the colored population down South calls them. Firms in St. Louis, Cincinnati, New York, Norfolk, Petersburg and Smithville, Va., are interested.

UNDER the new high license law of Pennsylvania, which went into effect on May 1, the number of saloons in the city of Pittsburg was reduced from 727 to 225, and in the county from 1,551 to 485.

SOMEBODY is trying to excuse Senator VOORHEES's ungentlemanly language on the floor of the Senate the other day on the ground that he drunk. The excuse is as bad as the offense.

THE Republican Presidential nominee will be a Western man—if BLAINE don't run; and it looks just now as though his name will be GRESHAM—if BLAINE don't run.

SINCE the late appointment the Supreme Bench is full—but the Chief Justice is FULLER.

THE Iowa Democrats in state convention assembled indorsed CLEVELAND and Rum.

WHEN CLEVELAND GOES MARCHING HOME.

Tune—"When Johnny comes marching home.")

When Grover goes marching home again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty good-by then,
Hurrah, hurrah—
The East will cheer, the West will shout,
When free trade rulers are all turned out,
And we'll down free trade
When Grover goes marching home.

We'll ring the bells and shout with glee,
Hurrah, hurrah:
When from his "Surplus" we are free,
Hurrah, hurrah—
Then loyal men and soldiers say,
They'll bounce him on election day.
And we'll down free trade
When Grover goes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah;
We'll sweep the land from sea to sea,
Hurrah, hurrah—
Protection ranks will never yield,
They'll meet the foe on every field,
And we'll down free trade
When Grover goes marching hame.

Mugwumps may dance to Cleveland's bray,
Hurrah, hurrah;
For bogus reform has had its day,
Hurrah, hurrah—
And when the voters all turn out,
The tariff tinkers we'll put to rout,
And we'll down free trade
When Grover goes marching home.
—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE MAN WHO SAVED VOORHEES.

Capt. Smith, Who Commanded the Soldiers, Gives an Account of the Train Incident.

Indianapolis Journal.

Senator Voorhees's recollection of the incident on a Vandalia train during the war, when Union soldiers assaulted him for his repeated denunciation of them and their cause, seems to be impaired. His Democratic friends at that time, who, like himself, are now posing as the soldiers' friends, also have weak memories in regard to it. But there are several people living in Indianapolis who were on the train at the time. Among them was Capt. R. E. Smith, who yesterday gave an account not only of that scene but of a speech which Senator Voorhees made, and which was alluded to by Senator Ingalls day before yesterday.

"I was present upon at least two of the occasions alluded to by Senator Ingalls," Capt. Smith said; "the delivery of the Greencastle speech and the disturbance on the train. Concerning the first I do not understand how Senator Voorhees can persistently deny making the statement accredited to him. There are a hundred residents of the town wherein it was made who well remember it, and with me it is as fresh as though I had only heard it yesterday. I can still repeat a sentence that fully represents the tone of the speech: 'I say to you, my fellow-citizens, as your Representative I will never vote one dollar, one gun, nor one man to carry on this unholy war against our Southern brethren.'

"Imagine what a storm of indignation such a sentiment aroused in the breasts of loyal men who were even then preparing to go to the front. This speech was made just before the first call for troops in 1861. At the close of the Senator Voorhees—then congressman—came over to Greencastle and delivered another speech. I was then a resident of that place and reported the speech for the Greencastle *Banner*. A headline I used that sentence. Of course Congressman Voorhees denied having made it, but there was at hand such a mass of testimony that his protests were unavailing. For a long time I preserved a copy of the *Banner* of that date, but it is now lost.

"As to the violence offered Voorhees on the train I may speak knowingly, for I was in command of the soldiers who attacked him, and there is no question about their menacing him. Company A, 75th Indiana Volunteers, was en route to the front. I was the captain, having organized the company in Greencastle. We were going to Kentucky on the Terre Haute road, and as we passed through Greencastle Voorhees boarded the train. The soldiers and officers occupied cars in the rear of the train, but a few of the men having gone forward discovered him. The recollection of his speech was still with them, for they were all from Greencastle, where the company had been organized, and they became much incensed. When we had left Greencastle a short time the conductor and my sergeant came back hurriedly and told me to go forward, as there was trouble. I did so, and found four of the company attempting to throw Voorhees through the car window. He was without his hat, for the men had thrown it out of the window, and he stood pale. Had I not interfered I am sure some violence would have been done him; but as I put the men under arrest at once there was no further trouble. Two of his assailants are still alive—Messrs. B. Welch of Cloverdale, in Putnam county, and Lieut. Lee W. St. Clair, a representative in the last legislature, living at Salem, Ind. Another is dead, and the last of the four I arrested I have forgotten. I have no recollection of any attempt to hang senator Voorhees with the bell rope, but he had a close call, notwithstanding, and it was only by arresting some of the soldiers that violence to his person was prevented."

WHY SHE PUCKERED.

I will tell you how it happens
That one sometimes will make slips,
We were sitting close together,
When she puckered up her lips.

Yes—she puckered up her lips;
It seemed that Cupid beckoned;
I took up the invitation
And kissed her in a second.

She blushed, she turned away,
Came within an ace of crying—
'T was not meant at all that way,
But "to whistle" was she trying.

The State of the Case.

Milwaukee Wisconsin.

If Mr. Blaine's nomination shall be decided upon at Chicago, it will be in obedience to a popular demand which no individual and no convention can withstand, and not otherwise. Except such demand shall develop and become practically unanimous, Mr. Blaine's friends will not even desire that his name go before the convention.

If, however, such a spontaneous uprising shall be witnessed—an honor unparalleled in the history of American politics—Mr. Blaine is too proud a Republican and too true a patriot to refuse to yield.

The Republican party of the nation, by unanimous action, can nullify Mr. Blaine's Florence letter of declination, and make it as though it had not been written; but Mr. Blaine's officious friends cannot, and Mr. Blaine himself will not, do any such thing.

Wanted—the Address

Of any person growing bald, male or female, who wishes to test scientific method of cure. Address Box 161, Toledo, Ohio.

A Bit of Voorhees's "Loyalty."

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Early in 1863, Dan Voorhees, in bidding adieu to a lady friend who was going South from Washington under a flag of truce, said to her: "Give my regards to Stonewall Jackson, and tell him he is the only man on earth who could beat me for Congress in the Seventh Indiana district." An officer in whose hearing this observation was made is now living in this city.

A Pot-Pie Plant.

San Francisco Alta.

The English sparrow makes a famous pot-pie and is much quieter between the crusts than he is yelling at your window when you want a morning nap. As a pot-pie plant he is always ripe and should be picked at once.

The Tribute Paid to Monopoly.

Philadelphia Press.

The par value of the capital stock of the Standard Oil Trust is $90,000,000, and its market value is $140,000,000. The difference between these sums represents the tribute which public negligence pays to private consumers.

A Boom That Needs no Nursing.

St. Joseph Herald.

It may be a fact that Mr. Blaine's health is delicate, but there can be no disguise of the fact that his boom is "uncommon healthy."

He Understood the Thing.

Papa had bought the cyclone a chest of tools and had initiated him into the mysteries of screw-driving. Shortly afterward he saw the little fellow banging a screw into a box as hard as he could with the hammer.

"What did I tell you? That isn't the way to put in a screw. What is that slot in the head for?"

The Cyclone looked guilty for a moment, then brightened up and replied:

"To take it out with."

She Effectually Silenced Him.

"I think an egg would make that coffee settle, Mrs. Scadgers," said the impecunious boarder heedlessly. "If the recipe is a sure one, pray let me offer you an egg, Mr. Sloapa," responded the landlady severely, and then the conversation laugnished.

President Cleveland and Senator Ingalls are related. Mr. Cleveland's grandmother was a Mohitabel Ingalls, who was first cousin to Rufus Ingalls, the father of the Senator.

VOORHEES'S CASTIGATION.

The Kansas Statesman Loaded for Others of the Hoosier's Kind.

Washington Letter, Cincinnati Times-Star.

It will be a long time before the Ingalls-Voorhees encounter in the Senate is forgotten. It was an occasion without precedent and without parallel. Ingalls has established a reputation as a sort of oratorical buzz-saw, and it will be noticed hereafter that the Democrats will be very careful how they monkey with him. He is loaded, and his ammunition is of a deadly character.

Democrats and Republicans alike agree that Voorhees was disgraced, defeated and ruined by Senator Ingalls. It was impossible to get a Democrat to say a word about the matter for two or three days, but now there is less restraint about discussing it. The precipitate flight of Voorhees from Washington on the morning after the contest proved to most men that he felt that he had been overthrown by the Senator from Kansas. There is no sympathy expressed for Voorhees, and the only excuse offered in his behalf is that he was drunk and so fell unawares into the trap which Senator Ingalls set for him.

Ingalls first made what was for him a mild speech two hours in length, in which he touched upon every issue likely to be discussed next fall. His first speech was practically a keynote for the Presidential campaign. Toward the close of it he referred to Voorhees, and said it was the acme of impudence for a copperhead like him to be posing as the friend and defender of Union soldiers. He did not go into Voorhees' record extensively, but said just enough to rouse the Tail Sycamore of the Wabash to anger.

Voorhees then took the floor and proceeded, in the language of a certain Democratic Congressman, to "make an ass of himself." He said Ingalls had been dead since March 6, at which time Blackburn had made a caustic speech in answer to Ingalls' attack on the Southern Democrats and intimated that to answer Ingalls was in effect to answer a corpse. Voorhees then ridiculed Ingalls' army record and proceeded to make a great bluff on the charges of having been a copperhead, that Ingalls had made against him. He said he denied those charges, and in fact spurned them and kicked them away.

All this was just what Ingalls wanted. After Voorhees had spoken for an hour, Ingalls took the floor and showed the Senate that he was the liveliest corpse that had ever been in that body.

Voorhees having denied everything, Ingalls began to produce his convincing proof. He read letters, documents, affidavits and clippings, and each shot home with a thrust that made Voorhees squirm and lose his temper so that he raged like a mad bull. He was infuriated and sat foaming and cursing in his seat. Finally, when Ingalls had proven that he was a traitor and a copperhead, he blandly turned to his victim and asked him if it were not true that Union soldiers tried to hang him with the bell rope of a train on account of his well known disloyal sentiments.

It was then that Voorhees disgraced himself by calling his antagonist a duty liar and a dog.

It was just as well for the serenity and dignity of the Senate that no other Democrat tried to pitch into Ingalls. He was ready for two or three of the little ones like Vest and Blackburn and if they had taken the floor he would have given them a dose equal in severity to the one administered to Voorhees.

Senator Ingalls was prepared to have made it exceedingly hot for Joe Blackburn. He had his record as a sort of bushwhacker at hand and had a fac-simile of his commission as a freebooter. He also had the infamous history of some of the other Blackburns, who were said to have been engaged in the chivalrous business of sending infected clothing into Northern camps and of trying to destroy Northern cities by fire.

Ingalls desires to pay his respects to some of the Kentucky gentlemen, and when he has finished with them there will be some pricked bubbles, some collapsed balloons floating drearily, mournfully before the jeering world.

HOW IT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century—The Plot Laid at the White House.

Cleveland Leader.

A commission from Marietta consisting of Theodore F. Davis, Henry K. Bohl, and W. H. Buell called upon the President to request his acceptance of an invitation to be present at the centennial exercises at Marietta on the 15th of July. We have no stenographic report of the conversation in detail, but judging from the results of the pilgrimage imagine it must have been something like the following:

(Enter Dan.) "Your excellency, there be three dusty and travel-stained pilgrims at the outer portals."

"From whence do they hail, jocund youth?"

"From Marietta, sire. They bear olive branches and tidings of greeting to your gracious excellency."

"Bid them enter!"

(Enter Davis, Bohl and Buell.) "How, now, O, worn and wearied travelers, I give thee greeting. Daniel, fly yonder and fetch thou't find the elixir of Kentucky, which doth infuse new life into those whose blood moves sluggishly along by reason of much journeying. I pray, thee, gentlemen, quaff with me a refreshing draught. (The jug is circulated.) From whence, saidst thou, ye hailed, gentlemen?"

"From Marietta, O sire, and we bear joyous words of greeting and kindly invitation to participate in the centennial of our glorious city, whereat there will be many and divers men of letters, and others of profound knowledge and great statesmanship."

"Consult ye not American Cyclopædia, Daniel, my man of brain, and tell me where this Marietta, a jingling name say I, be located."

"There be many Mariettas, gracious sire. Marietta, Ill., Marietta, Pa., Marietta, N. Y., Marietta, O.—"

"What, sayd'st thou, Ohio, Daniel? Gentlemen, I beseech you, tell me, come ye from Ohio?"

"That we do, gracious sire."

"And that upstart, the ungracious Governor, that man of whom Ohioans rave, Foraker, the young eagle, he who defied me, me, I say, will he be there?"

"Forsooth he will, O sire."

"And ye have the audacity to tell this thing to my face, to ask me, whom Sir James Russell Lowell hath compared to mighty men of valor to attend with this—this—Foraker? Out upon ye, gentlemen, I have pressing business of state which doth call me away. Daniel, escort these doughty pilgrims to the outer court."

(An hour later) "Dan!"

"Yes, sire."

"If you inveigle me into wasting any more drinks on men from Ohio, I'll be hanged if I don't fire you at the first opportunity."

"Who would write your messages and speeches then?"

"True, Dan, true. I had not thought of that." And the President glanced with a far away look in his eyes out of the window into the deepening twilight, while Dan perched his feet on the center-table and lit a fresh cigar.

WANTS TO VOTE FOR LINCOLN.

A Wauseon Correspondent Tells About The Sentiment of the Colored People of the South.

EDITOR BLADE:—The anecdote of the New York *Tribune* reporter in the BLADE of April 26, tallies so precisely with a little experience of my own that I must relate it to you, as showing the preference of a large portion of the better class of the colored people of the South on the presidential question.

I was at Atlanta on the night of April 13, and was shown to my room by the blackest of Africa's sons, a young man of 21 years, with a gleam of keen intelligence in his eye. After lighting the gas he turned and showed his double row of white teeth in a questioning smile.

"Well," I said as he waited expectantly. "You from the de North?" he said with scarcely a trace of the African dialect in his speech.

"Yes," I replied, "And you were raised here, were you not?"

"No, I was born in South Carolina. My father was a slave. He owns a good farm now."

After telling me something of his life, he suddenly said: "Who do you think de Republicans goin' for to nominate for President?"

"That would be hard to tell," I said. "There are many candidates and all good men."

"Do you think dey will nominate Mr. Lincoln's son?" he said, anxiously. "De colo'd people would all like to vote foh Mr. Lincoln's son. Do you think he is so good a man as his father?"

I replied that Robert Lincoln was said to be a fine man, but that his father was a good man, indeed.

"He was dat," said the black, heartily. "De colo'd folks likes mighty well to vote foh his son. If dey nominate him de colo'd folks will all vote foh him."

REPUBLICAN.

Wauseon, O., May 2, 1888.

—If all so-called remedies have failed, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

THE METHODISTS.

Committees Appointed to Consider the Question of Admitting Female and Foreign Delegates.

NEW YORK, May 2.—Bishop Bowman has appointed two committees of sixteen each, consisting of one from each of the twelve districts and four at large, to consider the eligibility of the women and foreign delegates.

The second day's session of the twentieth annual general Methodist conference opened promptly at 9 o'clock this morning at the Metropolitan Opera House. Bishop Stephen N. Merrill occupied the chair. The proceedings opened with prayer and reading of the Scripture. Bishop Merrill then read the address of the bishops extending to the delegates the Episcopal greeting and blessing.

The address reviewed the revival work that has been going on in the church since the last conference, four years ago. Since then not less than 450,000 souls have been brought into the church. The membership has been increased from 1,769,645 to 2,093,945. There has been great improvement in the architectural designs of the churches. The educational work of the cyurch has made much progress.

The committee on Admission of Delegates to the Methodist Conference, has decided against the admission of women delegates, and declared their seats vacant.

A Warm Time in the New York Conference—Shall Woman be Admitted?

NEW YORK, May 4.—The discussion of the question admitting women to lay delegates to the general conference of the Methodist church was interesting. The committee reported against such admission, and yesterday the debate began, and is still in progress this morning.

WASHINGTON, May 4.—At a meeting of the District Women Suffrage Association this evening the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That it is the duty of every woman in the Methodist denomination to withdraw from any church where the pastor upholds the action of the General Conference, now assembled in New York City, in refusing to receive the noble woman sent three times as delegate.

Bishop C. D. Foss, of Minneapolis, presided at to-day's session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church.

Rev. H. J. Llehart of the Central German Conference opened with prayer. The order of the day, continued from yesterday, was the debate on the report of the committee on eligibility of women lay delegates the conference. There was a large audience.

The debate was opened by Rev. Dr. A. B. Leonard, of the Cincinnati conference. An effort was made to pass a resolution closing the debate at 12 o'clock, but it failed. Rev. Dr. Leonard began by saying he had received a number of anonymous letters warning him not to speak in favor of admitting women. He was a strong advocate of the admission of women. Replying to Dr. Buckley's speech, he cited the laws of the church and argued that they favored the women's side of the case.

He said certain insinuations in the address of the bishop were surprising. Women have been regarded laymen from the beginning. They are allowed to vote in the lay conference for delegates and if they are entitled to vote they are entitled to seat.

Rev. J. R. Day, of the New York conference, argued against the admission of women. When the law was passed for the admission of lay delegates, he said, it was never intended that women should be delegates to the general confidence. It was proposed to-day to make one of the most stupendous pieces of legislation that has been known to Christendom.

Still Discussing the Question of Admitting Women.

NEW YORK, May 7.—All the galleries and the mammoth lower floor of the Metropolitan opera-house were crowded Sunday afternoon at the meeting of the Methodists under the auspices of the New York City Church Extension Missionary Society.

The sermon was by Bishop Chas. H. Fowler, of San Francisco. He said that it was the most important question before the church to-day to punish the innocent for the guilty. But Christ died to save the world. "Sin," he continued, "is not punishable on its own account, not because of its demerits, and there is nothing of injustice in making it necessary to punish sin, because it is sin, but it is punished because of the suffering of the innocent. Sin has no right, not even the right to be punished. Righteousness commands justice. Law must have the sanction of penalty, otherwise it will be only advice."

In conclusion Bishop Fowler said that Christ was exempt from penalty in dying to save the world.

The groups of clergymen about the opera-house discussed with great interest these views of the bishop after the close of the meeting.

Bishop Ninde presided at to-day's session of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference, and Rev. J. M. Johnson of the Norwegian conference conducted opening religious services. It was resolved to suspend the rules and continue the debate on the admission of women as lay delegates. Forty-one delegates at once sprang to their feet and claimed the floor. Rev. H. H. Moore of the Erie Conference, was recognized. He spoke in favor of admitting women.

Rev. J. T. Edwards, of the Detroit conference and editor of the *Northwestern Advocate*, opposed their admission at the present time and favored the submission of the question to a vote of the church. Judge C. N. Taylor, lay delegate from the St. Louis conference, took the floor. He walked down the aisle with a number of law books under his arm. He proceeded to argue on the question on constitutional grounds.

It would do much harm, he said, to admit women at the present. There were bishops to be elected, and other important matters to be acted on, and if women were admitted and allowed to vote, and it should subsequently be decided that women were not entitled to seats, the acts of the present General Conference would be illegal and unconstitutional.

He quoted law to sustain his point and said that rather than have the women admitted now unconstitutionally, he would pay all their expenses and do all that he could to save the body from error.

He is in favor of the admission of women, he said, but he wanted the question submitted to a vote of the church, and to have their seats given to them on legal grounds.

Rev. Dr. J. H. Bayliss, of the Cincinnati Conference, argued that if the General Conference had power to construe the constitution in regard to the admission of local preachers it had the right to construe the law in regard to the eligibility of women.

The debate was closed about 1 o'clock and a vote taken on the adoption of Rev. David H. Moore's substitute for the report of the committee. It proposed that the women elected as lay delegates to the present general conference be seated and the question of their eligibility to future general conferences be determined by a vote of the churches and annual conferences.

This substitute was lost. Then a vote was taken upon the amendment to the report offered by Rev. Dr. Neeley, of Philadelphia. This amendment excludes the women from seats in the present conferences and submits the question of eligibility to future general conferences to the annual conferences.

It was adopted by a vote of 249 ayes to 173 nays.

BLAINE'S FRIENDS.

Claim the Maine Statesman Will Enter the Presidential Race.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5.—The *Times* publishes the following triple-leaded special from New York, which it will indorse as coming from the most authentic source:

NEW YORK, May 5.—I have entirely reliable information that the friends of Blaine have, within the last three days, received direct from him his assent to an aggressive movement for his renomination for President, and the assurance that if nominated in the face of his Florence letter of declination he would not feel at liberty to decline. A general and systematic effort has been made by Blaine's friends, since Sunday, as Chairman Jones, William Walter Phelps, Whitlaw Reid, Charles Emory Smith and others for two months past to get Blaine into the attitude of a passive candidate. The Washington conference was only part of the varied methods by which influences had been brought to bear upon Blaine, and the publication of his portrait, freshly taken from life in Italy and issued by *Judge* this week, was decided on more than a month a ago as a starting point for the avowed effort to make Blaine the candidate.

Every possible pressure has been put upon Blaine to get from him the direct assurance that he will not decline if nominated, and that assurance has been received in this city from Blaine within the last three days. In a very few days it will cease to be secret that Blaine is in the hands of his friends, though Blaine leaders will at once assume the front and make an aggressive campaign for his renomination. This movement has been pretty clearly foreshadowed for some weeks in such Blaine organs as the *Tribune*, of this city, and the Philadelphia *Press*, and all affectation about Blaine's candidacy will now soon be thrown off and the battle be made an aggressive one. Part of the original programme was the election of Charles Emory Smith as a delegate-at large from your state, and the failure was a great disappointment to the Blaine junto in this city; but Mr. Smith gives the assurance that Blaine can carry a majority of the Pennsylvania delegation under any circumstances, and that if Blaine's nomination shall seem to be assured the delegation will be solid for him.

The unexpected expressions in Massachusetts and Vermont for Blaine were not accidental, nor are they unexpected to Mr. Blaine's friends. When all of the anti-Blaine delegates were recently in Boston because they regarded Blaine as out of the fight, the friends of Blaine were most energetic in their work in the two anti-Blaine New England states, and they got possession of Vermont and Massachusetts while the others were sleeping in fancied security. It was the expectation of these faithful anti-Blaine New England states that made Blaine cast aside his doubts and assent to the importunities of his friends for his renomination.

It is now a positive fact that Blaine is in the field; that his friends have his assent to a movement in his favor, and that he will be nominated at Chicago if hard work and plenty of enthusiasm can accomplish it.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 5.—Enthusiasm Blaine was in the city this morning, en route to Chicago. In an interview with a *Chronicle-Telegraph* reporter he said the Philadelphia *Times* story was news to him, but refused to say anything further. He received a letter from his father, dated at Rome, a few days ago. The letter stated that the writer was in the best of health and intended leaving for Genoa in a short time, and from there would go to Nice by coach.

CAN REACH HIM BY WIRE.

Mr. Blaine Will be in Scotland During the Chicago Convention.

NEW YORK, May 5.—The *World* publishes the following: James G. Blaine will not be inaccessible when the National Republican convention is held on June 19. From time to time, it has been stated that Mr. Blaine's plans would be so arranged that when the National Republican convention was in session he would be on the Atlantic, homeward bound, and wholly out of reach, so that he could neither decline nor accept a nomination if tendered to him.

The *World*, however, yesterday definitely ascertained that the Maine statesman will, at that particular and critical juncture, be within comparatively easy reach, so that he can readily be communicated with and can accept a call from his party, if it sees fit to enter him in the lists, and he feels disposed to again encounter the hard and perilous work of a Presidential campaign.

Some time ago Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, of this city, who with her husband, yearly spends some time in the highlands of Scotland, sent an invitation to Mrs. Blaine, asking that she and her distinguished husband might join them in their yearly outing. At the time the letter was written, contradictory reports were being published in almost every newspaper in regard to Mr. Blaine's health.

Again there was great uncertainty as to the time of Mr. Blaine's return. On Wednesday last Mrs. Carnegie received a letter from Mrs. Blaine, thanking her for her kind invitation and saying that she and Mr. Blaine would gladly accept. Mrs. Carnegie, on the receipt of the letter, immediately sent word as to the time she would arrive in London. The trip will in all probability be made by cesta—Mr. Carnegie's favorite way of traveling—along and over the border. Hence the party will proceed through the beautiful Scottish highlands.

Mr. Blaine's friends here assert that there is no doubt about his improved health. It would be folly, they say, for a man to attempt a coaching trip for enjoyment if he were not in good physical condition. Those who know Mr. Blaine say that he is altogether too careful to make such a trip if he were not feeling well.

Mr. Carnegie said to a *World* reporter last evening: "It is quite true that the Blaines are to join us for our trip to Scotland. Our plans, as far as arranged, will call for an outing of some weeks. We expect to leave London with Mr. and Mrs. Blaine about the sixth of June. The report of Mr. Blaine's good health is as stated."

CHAIRMAN JONES,

Of the National Executive Committee, Talks on the Situation.

PITTSBURG, May 5.—Chairman Jones says: "Blaine is as well as he ever was; he has not decided to be a candidate; he will not be on the ocean when the convention meets, and that there is no denying the fact that ever since the declination Blaine has been a growing sentiment among Republicans that Mr. Blaine should accept the leadership of the party in the next great battle.

"This movement has great strength, and will be a powerful, if not the most powerful element in the next convention. I do not think that it is the intention of Mr. Blaine to come out squarely for any candidate, or to plumply ask his friends to support John Smith or John Jones."

Temperance Notes.

Great Britain has 15,000 temperance organizations.

Atlanta, Ga., has a prohibition club with 2,000 members.

There are now nearly 300 prohibition party papers in this country.

Several counties of Ontario, Canada, have voted to repeal the Scott act.

Scotland has 137 postoffices kept in places where intoxicating liquors are sold.

Five hundred of the 700 women in Warksworth work house, London, have been drunkards.

A brewer in Mishima, Japan, is said to have turned his brewery into a church and school-room for girls.

Through the work of Francis Murphy every one of the Louisville base ball nine has signed the total abstinence pledge.

The Massachusetts legislature has changed the law declaring liquor containing three per cent. of alcohol to be intoxicating, so as to make it one per cent.

According to the *Rocky Mountain Advocate* New Mexico has 18 breweries, 45 wholesale and 1,726 retail liquor dealers, 45 Protestant churches and 5 school houses.

The Quebec & Lake St. John railroad company, on pain of dismissal, prohibits its employes from taking intoxicants while on duty, or having them on the cars or premises of the company.

Persons who fancy they need alcoholic stimulants will find that a tumbler of milk heated as hot as can be sipped will be an equivalent that is as satisfying and more enduring in its effects.

The prohibitory submission amendment, having now passed both houses of the New York legislature, lies over for action by the legislature of next year. If it then passes it will go to the people to be voted upon.

Miss Anna Gordon has been with her parents in Auburndale, Mass., visiting them previous to their departure for Spain where they go to spend a few months with their missionary children, William and Alice Hulick.

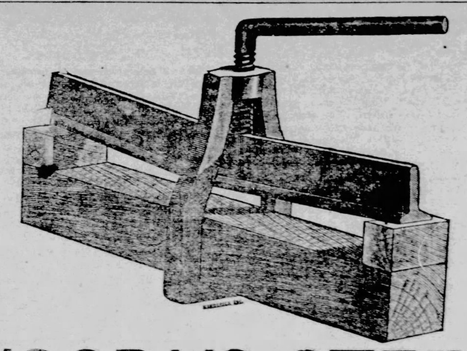
A cause for rejoicing among right minded persons is found in the fact that the New York courts have during the past four months sustained the work of the Society for the Prevention of Vice in every case brought before them.

On account of her aged mother's illness Miss Frances E. Willard returned from New York where she had gone as a lay delegate to the general conference of the M. E. church. Although in her 58th year Madam Willard is now improving in health, but is not expected to be again as well as before this severe attack.

Mrs. Josephine R. Nichols, national superintendent of work at state and county fairs gives as her opinion that the sooner our women learn to quit wasting work and literature at metropolitan centers and spread it over the rural districts where it will be appreciated and bear fruit the better it will be for the temperance cause. She would be willing to predict great results if for this one season we could turn our whole force loose in every school house in the country, and upon every picnic and fair ground.

New Use for the Parasol.

There is a new phase of the plate glass show window study. The ladies have apparently found out that they can't stop to admire themselves under pretence of examining goods without everybody knowing it and have adopted another plan. As soon as one of the fair ones reaches her favorite public mirror she throws her parasol or sun umbrella over her shoulder in such a manner as to completely hide her figure from the top of her hat to her waist accordants, according to the size of the umbrella. Then, having thus screened herself from the unregenerate starers of either sex, she proceeds to survey her charms, real or alleged, of face, figure and costume. Five ladies were seen thus occupied before one large show window at one time a day or two since.



WOOD VS. STEEL.

Which is the Stronger in Proportion to Weight—A Simple and Interesting Experiment.

The relative weights of wood and steel in proportion to their strength is a matter which probably not one out of one hundred readers has ever had occasion to investigate. If the conundrum were propounded: "Which is the stronger—Wood or Steel?" ninety-nine out of a hundred would be likely to answer that steel possesses greater strength in proportion to weight than does wood. Experiments have recently been made in Ohio which show that wood weighing only half as much as steel will, when put under pressure, stand a greater strain than steel. The illustration on this page shows a piece of wood and a piece of steel, (the latter weighing just twice as much as the former), under equal pressure, and in every instance the steel yields and is bent out of line. Any one can make this experiment. The device is extremely simple, and yet it illustrates an important point with which every intelligent farmer should familiarize himself, especially as there seems to be a disposition on the part of some manufacturers to change from wood to steel and iron. We are indebted to Messrs. Aultman, Miller & Co., of Akron, ohio, for the accompanying illustration. It was the pleasure of a representative of this paper, while in Akron a few days since, to witness this experiment. A piece of ash, such as is used in the Buckeye machine, was placed in a clamp along with a piece of steel of equal length, the same as is used in all steel Binders. The steel weighed just twice as much as the wood, and yet the steel invariably yielded and bent as the pressure was brought down. The wood was scarcely out of line, and when the clamp was removed it sprung back to its original shape. Not so with the steel. It not only bent under the pressure of the clamp, but remained bent when the clamp was taken off. This, it is claimed, is a clear illustration of the difference between wood and steel frame Binders. When an all steel machine is brought in sharp contact with some unyielding obstacle, its frame is liable to spring, and when once sprung its usefulness is at an end. It cannot be straightened without resort to the shop for repairs. A wood frame does not thus suffer. It bends under a violent strain, it at once springs back to its original shape. At the first glance it would seem that a Steel Binder is lighter than a wood frame, and that it possessed greater strength. But it is an instance in which appearances are deceptive. A piece of steel one foot long and a half inch square, weighs double as much as a piece of seasoned ash one foot long and 1¾ inches square. In other words the steel, in proportion to bulk, is fifteen and one-eighth times as heavy as the wood. A steel frame of a machine which is one-fifteenth as large as a wood frame, weighs exactly the same as the wood. Figure with this difference in size, the wood has four times the strength. These are simple problems which every farmer can solve for himself. He need not accept the word of any man whose interest would be subserved by having him believe one way or the other. Make the test yourself, and when you come to you with a denial of this proposition, you can talk intelligently from personal knowledge.

The Old Doctors

Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; hence the increased demand for Alteratives. It is now well known that most diseases are due, not to over-abundance, but to impurity, of the Blood; and it is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacious as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended

above all others, we used it with marvelous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned." — J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time." — E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier." — W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Ayer's medicines continue to be the standard remedies in spite of all competition." — T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION!

Over a Million Distributed.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly, and the Grand Quarterly Drawings regularly every three months March, June, September and December

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

QUICK RESENTMENTS.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

"He n eant to do it!"

In the few words is a whole world of bitter anger. The teeth are set, the face aflame, the eyes flashing, the heart swelling with the conviction that a fellow being has deliberately wronged you, has dishonored himself for the sake af a few paltry dollars, or cents, it may be. Are you sure that this is true? Could you see the thoughts which passed through his mind, watch the forming of the design to cheat you out of what is rightfully your own? "You will not be imposed upon!" Is it certain that you have been? May there not be some mistake? Only think of a human being betraying his better self, degrading his manhood, selling his God-given birthright for a mess of potage. Would you, under the same circumstances, have so dishonored yourself as to "steal" from one who trusted you? Then why at once conclude that another is guilty? Why not believe that one who, like yourself, is made in the likeness of your Father has as great a reverence for His laws as yourself?

Strange it is indeed, this quick impulse to doubt and anger when we find that some one has apparently overreached us. It arises from that tendency to think the worst rather than the best of our fellow men. Instead of giving others the benefit of any possible doubt of wrong intentions, comes the rushing tide of suspicion and anger. For a little sum of money, which in and of itself is nothing, we throw yourself into a passion; we suspect some one of dishonesty, and are ready to resent it openly, or by bitter words in other's hearing, stab a good name, making a wound which perhaps can never be healed. For we know well how the wrong goes, how one little seed of doubt will produce thousands of apparent certainties that will blast and destroy.

Never believe that the best rule which is often given in business, is to "hold everybody dishonest until you have proved him true." Look for good intentions and you are very likely to find them. Be slow to resent a wrong, and, in nine cases out of ten it will melt away into absolute nothingness.

Quick resentments are sorry things to enter into social life. That woman who is ready to find cause for anger at every little fancied slight will be persistently in trouble.

"She walked directly by me without speaking. I know it was intentional."

How do you know? Was it not possible that she did not see you? There are many people so absent-minded, so buried in thought, even when passing through the busy throng, that their best friend might jog their elbows, without bringing recognition. Ah, but she looked you right in the face, you say. Then why did you not speak first? Was it not as much your duty as hers, or are you ready to confess to an inferiority, which is so great that you feel you must wait until she proves her willingness to acknowledge your acquaintance? That is the position in which you place yourself by hesitating to speak until she has spoken. If she be a lady, her failure to recognize you is an accident. Even though she appears to be looking at you, her attention may be so entirely absorbed or intervorted that she is entirely unconscious of what passes before her vision. I have known many such people who acquired that habit—a bad one, it is true—but still a habit which had in it no trace of intentional discourtesy. It is time enough to resent when an offense is proven, and not make yourself miserable by getting into a passion about nothing, for it is, after all, a "nothing" if you will but think of it, even if the slight were intended, since, if it was undeserved, it only proved her own want of good breeding.

Many and many a time these quick resentments, this readiness to take offence, grieves away what might prove the best angels of our lives, for they lose us good will and kind thoughts that have a silent power the strength of which we do not appreciate.

Quick resentments have severed the ties that bound together friends who held each other's affection beyond price. Some word unwittingly spoken; some act imperfectly understood planted the seed of distrust, sudden anger watered it, and it grew with a mushroom growth until the past was shut away utterly, and the life of love went out forever.

Harsh, bitter words may be forgiven, but they are not forgotten. Reconciliation sometimes seems to bring a sweetness so great as to almost challenge the belief that it were well to yield occasionally to hasty anger, but it is not true. The wounded feelings at being misunderstood, the shattered confidence in the strength of the affection are always there, though covered over and apparently healed forever. If you value your friend hold fast to your faiths in his good intentions, no matter what the appearance may be. Believe in his love and truth, until their failure is proved without shadow of doubt or uncertainty, for, remember, unjust words spoken in quick anger never lose their sting.

If all this be true in the business world, if social intercourse should be free from sudden resentments, if quick anger must be restrained lest the heart be taken out of friendship, how infinitely more important that hot, passionate words spoken under the impulse of the moment be restrained in the home circle.

"It is the little rift within the lute
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all,"

because the ties that bind a family together seem to be knitted with a strength that belongs to no others, is no reason why they may not be broken. The rift made by angry words may be small indeed at first, but the home music is made fainter, and by and by as it slowly widens, that terrible silence of love's desolation will surely follow. It is easy to repent, but repentance does not heal the wounded.

We are too apt to feel that our loved understand us so well that the sting of hasty words makes but a momentary impression, and with the occasion they pass into oblivion. It may seem so, but it is not true. Let another hour of sudden anger come, and the old bitterness flames forth from the past, and the rift, still there, slowly and surely widens. They feel that

"Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all."

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

PORTIERES.—Now at the time of spring house-cleaning, the question of what the draperies shall be when new ones are to be hung, is a most important one—whether thick material or thin is the prettiest, and just how it shall be disposed of to produce the best effect.

When the rooms between which they are used are very large something heavy is usually liked best. Where they are not, however, the lighter materials can be employed to advantage. Get some pretty Madras, with a soft groundwork and rich figures,—it can be bought for a dollar a yard,—then have the pole set inside the arch if it is high enough and throw the Madras over it, letting it come to the floor upon the one side like a curtain and be drawn back to one side and tied about one-third of the distance from the floor to the top. Throw the other end once more carelessly over the pole and leave that side loose. The Madras will, of course, fall in irregular folds nearly to the floor, or should be long enough to do so. The effect is very pretty, and the thin material does not seem to darken the rooms or diminish their apparent size, as the darker, heavier hanging do.

Send 15 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get "Fancy Work and House Decoration" to help you with suggestions for spring decorating.

DECORATIVE WORK ON FABRICS—DESIGN FOR GRATE CURTAIN—Spray of Primroses, Bird's nest and bird.—This design, perforated pattern, is especially adapted for curtain for front of grate during the summer. The fabric to be preferred is a rich brown satin or plush. But billiard cloth of a greyish green tint would be very pretty.

Use white powder to stamp the design on the goods, then fasten goods neatly to a painting board or table. If you wish to paint on plush or the billiard cloth, use copal megilp as the mixing medium for the paint.

Fine bristle brushes, pointed ones Nos. 2, 4, 7 and 9 will be needed. One red and sable brush No. 3, will also be necessary. Use pale drying to mix the paint if you do the work on satin.

The following colors will be needed. One tube kremnitz white, one tube permanent blue, one tube ivory black, one tube rose madder, one tube lemon yellow, one tube emerald green, one tube light zinnabeu green, one tube Indian red, one tube burnt sienna.

Lay the entire design first in white, mixing first enough of your mixer (according to the goods) to render the paint smooth. When this is dry proceed as follows: Paint the overturned flower pot, which is the birds nest, with Indian red, a very little ivory black may be shaded in where the shadows fall from the leaves above. The inner part of crock, paint with a mixture of ivory black, Indian red and white. Right around the eggs, the tone should be a greyish white, made by mixing white and ivory black. For the straws which are around eggs, use lemon yellow and a touch of burnt sienna; a few light touches of zinnober green at the ends of the eggs are a bluish green. For these add a light touch of zinnaber green to permanent blue, lightening the shade with a little white. For the bird, who is hopping on the ground, paint the head with permanent blue to which a little ivory black has been added, make the wings and tail of the same dark blue color, but right at base of tail feathers work in a little cadmium yellow No. 1. There should also be a streak of this in each wing. Paint the back with ivory black and white mixed, and the breast with the cadmium; legs and claws with ivory black, a touch each of blue and burnt sienna.

The leaves are a warm tone of green. Mix zinnaber and emerald for one shade, lemon yellow and zinnaber for another shade. With these shades paint the leaves, stems and calices of the buds and blossoms, vein the leaves with burnt sienna. Mix zinnaber and emerald for one shade, lemon yellow and zinnaber for another shade. With these shades paint the leaves, stems and calices of the buds and blossoms, vein the leaves with burnt sienna. Paint the blossoms with pink madder lightened with white. Near the center of each petal they should be a very delicate pink. Paint the little oval or center of each blossom a yellowish green, made by mixing a little yellow with emerald green. Attach curtain to brass rod. Questions in regard to this pattern answered if accompanied by stamped envelope for reply. A full catalogue of patterns adapted to painting or embroidery sent on receipt of six cents postage.

Those who sent for catalogues, owing to an accident, have been kept waiting. They will receive them soon.—MRS. E. S. L. THOMPSON, Winchester, Ind.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and k, slip and knit; t to, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; n, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; t c, treble or Scotch stitch; ch st, close chain stitch; r c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

KNITTED SLIPPERS.—I am going to write out directions for slippers as plain as I possibly can, and I do not want any one to ask me to make them plainer as that would be impossible.

The materials required are; one skein each of blue and white single zephyr, or any pretty contrasting shades can be used. Set up 222 stitches of blue. Knit plain 4 times, then begin with white, knitting 2 stitches and slipping 2 of blue across, continuing this pattern from white, and then 4 plain rows of blue. Widen 4 stitches in each third row, until the instep is as deep as desired, then bind off all but 18 stitches which are left for the sides. Knit this as long as needed, no definite directions being possible, as feet vary so much in length. Sew up the sides, and have ready some leather the size of the shoe worn. Crochet on edge as wide and full as liked, alternating the white and blue in shells. Embroidery silk finishes the edge. Run an elastic in the top to keep the slipper from flaring out. A bow of ribbon in front completes the slipper. I will send the directions to the HOUSEHOLD for cutting out the leather if desired, and some one will send me a stamped envelope and two sheets of paper.—MISS NETTIE WALLACE, Berry, Sangamon Co., Ill.

Our correspondent complains, and justly, that a great many persons have sent to her for samples of "Wheat" and "Spider Web" laces, without enclosing any stamp for postage, or taking into consideration that it takes time and money to prepare these samples. As she says, it is, no doubt, simply thoughtlessness and no desire to impose upon her. She would do right not to answer a single one.

Our correspondent further says in regard to the above pattern: "I will send directions if asked for, although I do not feel myself under any obligation to do so, for that promise is 1½ years old. I sent in those patterns just one year ago last October, and why the editor has not published them till now is a mystery to me."

The editor is frequently called to order for not publishing something sent to the HOUSEHOLD, or, as in this case, for delay. One explanation will do for all. Letters come from all over the United States, and in large numbers. They are sorted out and filed away for examination. The editor has but one pair of eyes, and one pair of hands to work with. She tries to publish first that which would be of most value if kept. Frequently good things do not appear, simply because there is no room, or that they were not reached until too late. Our correspondent's patterns could not be used immediately, and they chanced to be laid aside with others to be put in sometime. There was no date, consequently the editor was not aware they came so long ago.

There is no design to treat anybody unfairly, and you who imagine you are so treated call to mind the thousands and thousands of readers of the BLADE and think of the impossibility of giving each individual a place and immediate attention.—ED.

SLUMBER ROBE.—This slumber robe is light, warm and beautiful. It is made in small squares, each one in crazy crochet, with all colors of wool excepting the outside row, as the frame of all the squares must be either black, brown, very dark blue or dark wine color and the centre circle white or some light color. Take lemon color, Germantown wool and a medium-sized steel hook. Make a chain of six stitches and join into a ring: 1st round —3 ch (for first treble); under the ring work four groups of 3 trebles each, separated by 3 ch; after making the last 3 ch join to the first treble of the first group with a d c; break off. 2d round—Take green wool; 3 ch for first treble; 3 trebles 3 ch, 3 trebles all under the loop of 3ch, that separates the first and second groups of the previous round, (*) 3 trebles, 2 ch, 3 trebles under the loop of 3 ch that divides the next two groups; repeat from (*) twice; join with a d c to first treble of the first group; break off. 3d round—Take pink or rose color; (a) 3 trebles, 3 ch, 3 trebles under the loop of 3 ch; 3 trebles between the first and second groups of 6 trebles; repeat from (a) all around; join with a d c to top of first treble; break off. 4th round—Take black; 8 trebles for scallops under the loop of 3 ch that divides the first and second groups of trebles; (b) 3 trebles between the second and third groups; 3 trebles between the third and fourth groups; 8 trebles under next loop of 3 ch that divides the groups of trebles of the second and third; repeat from (b) all around. This completes one square. Make as many as are preferred and sew or crochet them together. Work a row of d c's (double crochet) all around the robe and finish the ends with a fringe of the various colors or clear black. In making this robe you can of course use whatever colors you prefer, but to look nice the frame of the square should be dark.—A. M. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHOTOS FOR GENTS ONLY.—This advertisement attracted our attention recently and the thought naturally occurred to our mind, what's the use for parents to wear out their whole lives in care and anxiety, seeking to bring up their boys in purity, when even the public newspapers help to tarnish their young lives? The true-hearted mother loves her boy too dearly and has suffered too much for his sake to be willing that there should be any obstacle thrown in the way of her child, over which he may stumble into ruin, but what is she to do? Where can she look for assistance or even protection when respectable newspapers, such as are taken and read in every family, will insert such advertisements? What does it avail that the mother tries in every manner to shield her boy's moral nature, when sensuality is and pampered by a respectable public. "Photos for gents only!" It does not require superior wisdom to understand the nature and characteristic of such photographs and their deadly tendencies. Why see such advertisements admitted? It may be answered, "We have nothing further to do with them, than to publish what is handed to us. We are paid liberally for doing this, and consider that our responsibility ends here." Is this the true bearing? There are mothers who do not desire the cares of maternity; suppose for instance, that such offer to pay us liberally (and some would even do so) to administer poison to the little body as soon as it had made its advent into this world of sin; if we took the reward and fulfilled their request would our responsibility end here, because it was no loss to us? But, this might be argued: "The other is a far different thing—there is no life destroyed in the former case nor could the law punish for such." That is all true, there is no material life destroyed, but can it be said that there are no eternal lives wrecked by this same evil?

The government mails refuse to carry corrupt literature and even the publication of such is punishable. Why is it that sensual pictures are smuggled through the mails, for all that is not chaste is purely sensual? And have you ever noticed to what extent this obscenity of pictures is growing? Respectable grocers and druggists will have their advertisements supplemented with the pictures of half or almost nude females, hung in their windows for display, that the sensual passions of every man and boy that passes may be fed and nourished by contemplating them. This is simply an outrage upon the virtuous and refined sensibilities of woman! It is in truth an insult to virtue wherever found.

But we would ask here, why do women submit to such an open insult? "She does it because she can't help herself" she replies despondingly. Listen just for a moment and we will whisper a little experiment in your ear. If women, all respectable women, en masse, or individually, will resolve that they will never enter or buy one farthing's worth of goods of houses who will stare to thus insult them by these small displays, and not be afraid to allow this determination to be made publicly known, they will accomplish much. The corrupt advertisement may not be thrown away—it may only be transferred to some back corner to be treasured by those whose base propensities are naturally gratified; but that boy that passes on the street, whose mother has so earnestly striven to lead him in the paths of virtue, will not be demoralized by its gross influence. Women have power in this instance, to at least hold this evil in check and they will be seconded by all loyal and true-hearted men, in their undertakings to avenge these insults! If these depraved creatures must have something obscene to set off their place of business, let them take of their own sex and women will not be insulted, even though she may be abashed at the display.

Is there any wonder that the standard of moral character is lowering? The only wonder would be, if there was a stand-still, let alone progress in the way of virtue. Circus performances are said to be (and evidently are) degrading to the youths of our country and we are quite sure that many of their conspicuous advertisements outrival all other performances, and yet they are allowed to go on. The virtuous man avers that "it is rediculous," and the true woman declares that "it really made her blush so see it," but none had the moral courage to say, "if you desire my patronage and the patronage of virtuous women everywhere, you will be obliged to remove and never again display such things." Poor boys. Is it any wonder that many of them are early led to ruin? Humanity is only humanity and its tendencies are downward. Do you expect them to rise, even with the best of home training, when dragged downward by such an opposing force? The evil, if it does not outstrip, seems at least to keep pace with the good. Are we to remain passive and let things take their course? The care and mother love that have been sacrificed to bring up virtuous men and women protest against the allowed customs that prevail! Let virtue triumph and the nude and degrading "photos" that are "for gents only" and that has been bought by many a lounging boy and proved a stepping stone to his ruin, be now and forever branded with the stamp it ought to bear. If this is allowed to go on, without even an effort to stem the flood of vice, than a worse evil is permitted than even the dreadful one of infanticide, and the doom of society is already sealed.—PHILO F. PINNAY, M. D.

HER OPINION.—"Sam Jones says many men are driven to drink to drown the pangs of wretchedness caused by the hot and indigestible biscuits made by their wives." Yet the wives not only eat the biscuit themselves but endure the grumbling of husbands at the muddy coffee and leathery steak without any inclination to drown their sorrows in liquor. A car-load of such husbands are not worth a tear, Mr. Jones.

I cut the above from the Chicago *Tribune* for the benefit of such men as Sam Jones. I am willing to wager a cookie that they are not able to take care of a woman. As for under pay, please read "Affectionate John Baily." You will find it in the September number of *Arthur's Magazine* in 1885. Perhaps some of the BLESSED family will lend it to you. Superior to any man, indeed, when any one of them will disgrace themselves and all connected with them, and fit his soul for the infernal region by drink because he married an accomplished woman instead of a good cook. Why should all women be good cooks any more than all men should be good lawyers or farmers?

"White Rose," would you have written as you did if Mrs Cleveland was the wife of a Republican? I am sure you would not. It has not been very long since we had an Ohio man for President, and he will be forever held in contempt by all Democrats and most all Republicans. I am a strong Republican, and I do not believe I am going to be so prejudiced. The Democrats ought to have a chance at the "crib," for they paid their taxes for 25 years, and never grumbled because the Republican party held all the offices. Can we not do the same? Ohio is your native state, but our next Republican President may be farther West than Ohio. Am afraid I am too liberal a Republican for this to ever see the HOUSEHOLD.—E. R.

FROM FLORIDA.—Here I am yet in the "Sweet Sunny South," amid the orange blossoms and beneath the soft blue skies of "Italy," the great sanitarium of the United States. I have been here now four-and-a-half months and like it better each day I live here. The climate is all I had hoped for, air pure, sweet and exhilarating.

The pulmonary complaints yield to the balmy breath of the sweet scented breezes wafted from the ocean to the gulf, and again vice versa. The balsamic odor of the pine which abounds here, and the warmth of a tropical sun, renders it the most delightful place in all the world that I have ever found. I have been inclined to have weak lungs for many years, also have had catarrh for the past 30 years, and I must say in behalf of the climate that I have not been so free from the dread disease as since I came here last December.

I had made many changes of residence during the time since I suffered with catarrh, but all to no purpose, and had given up my case as hopeless, but since coming here I am very much better of it entirely. My son is now 14 years of age and had been troubled for the past five or six years, and already he thinks he is almost well, and only if he exposes himself to cold draughts of air or gets wet does not suffer at all.

The temperature of the climate alone is nearly sufficient to annihilate the disense. Since coming here the mercury has only dropped to 34 deg, and that when you people in the North were having a blizzard, and then for only a short time. The mercury has averaged 84 deg. but much of the time it has been 96 deg. in the shade with a cool breeze, and no matter how warm it is in the sun you step into a shady place and you do not suffer, and I am told by reliable people who have lived here for years, that it is so in midsummer. There may be three or four hours in the middle of the day that you can't do your outdoor labor and then resume it again when the breeze is stronger. Of course you will commence earlier in the morning and then work a little later at the close of the day. The sun will be directly over head in July, so you see that your shadow would not be very long.

In living here you do not need so much expensive clothing, as is needed in the north, as there is so much warm weather, yet there is some weather that you will need warm clothing for about three months in the year. Hoping this may be read by some who may anticipate making a change and that it may serve to dispel any fears that may arrive in your minds regarding a healthy location, as there is no healthier place in the world, I believe, as there is no one sick here and many came for their health, especially coughs and catarrh. We are situated in the high pine lands, in Lake county, a part of Orange county, lately subdivided. My health is so much better I can say I am happy "Away down here in Dixie."—C. V. BROWN, Sorrento, Fla.

INQUIRIES.

If any reader of the department desires reading matter, I have papers, magazines, etc., from different parts of the country continually accumulating that I will mail to those sending postage as long as they last. They are useless to me after reading them, yet interesting reading, and if good to others I would prefer they had them to using them for wrapping paper.—SAM BLAYLOCK, North Ogden, Utah.

Would some one living at Silver Springs Park, Marion county, Florida, please send their address to the BLADE and describe that section of the country. M. M. M.

I wish some reader that knows would write how to cement cellar floors. C.

Please ask B. L. S. to look over the directions of the mittens with heart down the back, for I cannot get it right. It was in the third round, and on the second needle. I did not have enough stitches. Also please ask Mrs. T. S. Erwin, Rensselaer, Ind., to look over the pattern for shell mittens, and explain more fully through the BLADE for I could not get it right, though I followed the directions given.—HELEN A. CRANE, Blissfield, Lenawee Co., Mass.

I should like to ask someone to send me some apple blossoms. I have always lived in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, in very much out of the way places, and have never seen any. Every spring the longing for them comes with increased force. Please ask if a secretary of the M. E. Sunday school will correspond, or at least exchange letters with me, in regard to our duties and work.—MISS EVA MORRISON, Crystal Falls, Iron county, Mich.

I saw an advertisement of a vegetable raised to take the place of apples, which was grown by Mrs. W. H. Pepper, of Woodruff, Kan., which she would send to anyone who would send a self-addressed envelope, stamped, of which I sent, but have not received the seed. I would like to receive the seed or answer why they were not sent.—MARY E. WALLACE, Mt. Carmel, Ill.

I would like to correspond with some farmer or workingman living at or near Antwerp, Paulding county, Ohio. I will pay postage.—CHAS. FOUTZ, Port Jefferson, Shelby county, Ohio.

Will Mrs. Evans please tell, through the HOUSEHOLD, how she makes her corn bread dough that she raises her beer seed from; and also how to make the beer?—A SUBSCRIBER'S WIFE.

Please tell how to widen in the "star" stitch.—JESSIE DEGRIFFITHS.

Will some reader of the BLADE living in western Washington Territory where there is government land with timber on it, please send me his or her address?—L. F. CRUMB, Elia, Morrow county, Or.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"Discouraged:"—To make good butter in warm weather, you ought to churn every other day, and at any season once in three or four days. The way to manage, when you have but one cow, is to save strippings and mix with the cream. If you save a quart at each milking it will give you a gallon in two days, and this, added to the cream, will make enough to churn. In addition, see to it that the cream thoroughly morning and night. If you will do this, you will have no trouble with the bad flavor you speak of. If you have a well of good cold water, set your milk in deep cans. Have small cans or handles to lift them by. Set these cans into a box or tank, and pump fresh cold water around them until it comes nearly to the top, and then drop the cover over them, and have they stand sealed up air-tight. After standing an hour or so, draw off the water and fill the tank again with fresh water. This cools the milk thoroughly, and all the cream will rise by noon; then skim the morning's milk. Let the night's milk stand until the next morning. If you reduce the temperature of the water with ice to below 40 degrees, all the cream will rise in three hours. Churn the cream just slightly sour, or what dairymen call ripe. Keep it where the temperature is near 60 degrees.—MRS. NELLIE AMMERMAN, West Lebanon, Ind.

I want to tell the HOUSEHOLD to try their grater to rub the burnt places from toast or from any pastry that has become too brown.—MRS. E.

"Miss Nora Gardner," of Grand Rapids, Ohio, has about 600 Sabbath school papers, (Cook's papers,) in good order, which she will donate to any needy Western mission school, the school paying express charges.

In a recent number of the BLADE I noticed a request by a lady friend for some way to use scrap pictures from fruit cans. A very nice way is to arrange them on a paste board, the size you desire your picture to be when completed and framed.

How long after the death of a mother should a young lady wear crape?—IGNORANCE.

"Katherine Orf," such a contribution as you speak of, would be accepted if suited to our purpose.

RECIPES.

FRIED CAKES.—1 cupful of cream; 2 cupfuls of sugar; 2 eggs; enough flour to roll them out; 2 tablespoonfuls of baking powder and a little nutmeg.—Miss DOTTIE ATDEN, Thorofare, New Jersey.

BAKING GINGER CAKE.—1 gallon molasses (best New Orleans); 6 ozs. of saleratus dissolved in 3 pts. water; 1 lb. of lard. Mix them all together as other dough, roll out on sheets of tin half inch thick, then rub over the top with white of egg and bake.—M. F. D.

SODA BISCUIT.—One half cupful shortening mixed well in the flour, 1 teaspoonful soda to 1 pt. sour milk. Very sour put in a little more soda; 1 small tablespoonful salt. Mix as soft as you can handle conveniently. Knead as little as possible. The main object is to have everything cold. I never even warm the milk in winter, unless to melt ice. By practicing you will soon learn how much soda to put in according to the acidity of the milk. —L. E. B.

MARBLED CAKE.—1 cupful butter, 2 cupfuls powdered sugar, 3 cupfuls flour, 4 eggs, 1 cupful sweet milk, ½ teaspoonful soda, 1 teaspoonful cream-tartar sifted with the flour. When the cake is mixed take out about a teacupful of the batter and stir into this a great spoonful of grated chocolate, wet with a scant tablespoonful of milk. Fill your mold about an inch deep with the yellow batter, drop upon this, in two or three places, a spoonful of the dark mixture. Give to the brown spots a slight stir with the tip of your spoon, spreading it in broken circles upon the lighter surface. Pour in more yellow batter, then drop in the brown in the same manner as before, proceeding in this order until all is used up. When cut, the cake will be found to be handsomely variegated. —ADELE.

FOR OILING ELOORS.—1 gal. of boiled linseed oil; 2 oz. of litharge, or painters' drying stuff. Make the oil boiling hot. Put it on the floor with a piece of carpet or worsted material, as hot as the hand can bear. A little burnt umber added gives it a darker color.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Someone asked for a cure for rheumatism. Here is one that has been tried, and, I think, will cure the worst cases. Take an oz. of camphor gum, dissolve in a pt. of kerosene, and apply to the parts affected two or three times a day, until the pain is relieved.—M. S. E.

ORANGE SHORTCAKE.—Make a cake with 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 2 eggs, ½ of a cupful of milk, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 cupfuls of flour and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in two round tins. Slice 6 or 8 Valencia oranges, and sprinkle thickly with powdered sugar. Pull open the cakes and arrange in layers with oranges. Serve with cream.

TO COOK FISH.—When fish is deficient in flavor anway, a small quantity of tarragon vinegar and some sweet herbs cooked with it will wonderfully improve the flavor. A matelot is one of the dishes an epicure delights in—a brown fish stew. The fish is first fried, and then stewed with some water and small onions or mushrooms; vegetable marrow is a very agreeable accompaniment to some small fish prepared according to an excellent German method, being stewed in vinegar, fresh grape juice when in season, lemon or lime juice, even the juice of sour oranges.

OMELET—After the French method: Four eggs, 3 tablespoonfuls of milk, 1 tablespoonful of sweet herbs chopped fine (parsley, lemon, thyme, marjoram; add the herbs in the winter) 2 tablespoonfuls of grated cheese, 4 ozs. of butter. Beat up the eggs, then add the milk, herbs and cheese. Put the butter into a frying pan; let boil until it sputters, then pour in the omelet, stir it around carefully one way till it thickens, then shake it a little, so that it does not stick to the pan, and serve up hot.

GOLD CAKE.—One lb. sugar; ½ lb. butter; 1 lb. flour; yolks of 10 eggs, well beaten; grated rind of one orange, and juice of 2 lemons; 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water. Crerm the butter and sugar, and stir in the yolks. Beat very hard for five minutes before putting in the flour. The soda next, and lastly the lemon juice, in which the grated orange-peel should have been steeped and strained out in a piece of thin muslin, leaving the flavoring and coloring matter in the juice. Flavor the icing with lemon.—ADELE.

"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

KINGSTON, IDAHO.	May S James	MT. VERNON, O.
Grace J Smith	Minnie B James	Fred Severns
ALMOND, WIS.	Jessie Morenouse	Walter E Abbott
Grace Guernsey	Jakie Clute	Frank Moore
GOLDEN GATE, MINN.	Gordon H Payne	Willie H Harker
	Abbie Fitzgerald	Harry L Kees
Kittie L Hills	Emma Wilcox	Harry Wright
Edwin R Hills	Frances Arlington	Clyde Mastellear
Walter R Hills	Ina Searles	Roy Bedell
Anna J Lobert	Ella Evans	John Coup
LAFAYETTE, IOWA.	Mina Henson	VERNON, N. Y.
Clinton H Ritze	Clara A Smith	Frank Buss
Emma A Ritze	SCHALLER, IOWA.	Jas McGeenthen
Sarah A Ritze	L McLaughlin	Willie M Hydon
Etta A Kolb	H McLaughlin	Nellie B Eels
Clara C Kolb	A McLaughlin	Kittie C Eels
JEDDO, N. Y.	M McLaughlin	Harry M Hibbard
Nina Brown	Grace Bristol	Mina Sweeting
Minnie M Brown	Mabel Bristol	Emma I Groff
Bertha B Wall	John Bristol	Claude Marriott
Allen W Wall	Rosena Bristol	George Clinch
Eugene S Wall	Allen Bristol	James Hart
Fred Wall	James Harris	John C Ward
Ida Van Wicklin	John Harris	Achsah Maxwell
George B Hunn	Willie Cain	Lavina Hurley
Charley M Smith	John Cain	Lucy M Campbell
Willie Collins	Mary Cain	May Martin
Minnie Henson	George Schaffer	Alice Hurley
Willie James	Ada Schaffer	John D Shipman

Names this week, 78. Total 2,413.

The above embraces all names received up to May 3.

For Young Folks.

CHICKERY, CRANEY, CROW.

"Chickery, chickery, craney, crow,
I went to the well to wash my toe."
(Wasn't that just the place to go?)
This was the game we played, you know,
When we were little folks, years ago.
Chickery, chickery, craney, crow!

How many children, do you say,
To make up the "chickery" of this play?
Well, there were thirteen, all told,
Brothers and sisters, too, were they,
All of one family, sure as day!
Chickery, chickery, craney, cray!

All in the world that we have to do,
To play this game with our family crew,
Was to select from our number two—
One to be god-mother, good and true;
The other a crow, for a terrible crew.
(Oh, but we relished it, wouldn't you?)
Chickery, chickery, craney, croo!

When all together our hands they would tie,
Then was the "cried world" a ridiculous eye,
Where she could watch, with an envious eye,
Every movement we poor chickens could try—
For to be captured, meant surely to die!
Chickery, chickery, craney, cry!

Oh, but a merciless catcher was she!
Oh, but a gallant defender had we!
Standing in front of us all, quick to see
Every grab that was made at a wee,
Frightened-in-play little chicken like me—
Chickery, chickery, craney, cree!

"Chickery, chickery, craney, crow,
I went to the well to wash my toe;
When I came back to bake my bread,
I found all my poor little chickens dead."
So at last was our god-mother doomed to weep,
For there we lay dead, in a live, wriggling heap,
But the one that kept longest out of the way
Was the one to be hit in the next grand affray.
Oh, but we thought it a wonderful show—
Chickery, chickery, craney crow!

For the Young Folks.

WHAT THE SUN SAW.

BY CATHERINE ORF.

In Pennsylvania, near Bradford, are a great many oil wells, and if any of you live where petroleum is found you will know what the sun meant when he said:

"I promised you a fairy tale, didn't I?"

But first, I must tell you of a family on the Tact Lane, whose father is a gauger on the United Pipe Lines.

Gracie is ten, and loves to tell stories to amuse her little brother who is four.

George always says: "Tell a fairy story, Gracie."

Last week Mr. and Mrs. Coil went to Bradford and Gracie was left to take care of George.

"Take good care of him, and if you are lonesome go over to Mrs. Booth's," said her mamma.

"Yes, and if you are good, I'll bring you both something nice," and throwing a kiss to them, papa and mamma rode away.

First, Gracie practiced for half an hour on the piano, while George played with Fido and Tom, the cat. Then they went out to the kitchen and talked to Bridget for half an hour. By and by Bertha Booth came over and they had a merry time playing hide-and-seek. All at once, Bertha said: "Oh, I there is cousin May; she promised to bring me a book of stories. I must go. I will bring it over to let you see it to-morrow. Good by."

After she left, George said, "Oh, I am so tired. I do wish mamma would come home." Gracie looked at the clock. It was only three, and her mamma would not be home till four, so she said: "If you want me to, I will tell you a story—a real make up fairy story of my own." Of course, he wanted her to, so this is what she told him:

"Long, long ago, was a country named Chance. Everything was by chance. Sometimes apples grew on goose-berry bushes, and potatoes on apple trees; eggs on grape vines; and men and women were sometimes round like a barrel, or long like a piece of pipe, or square like a box; and sometimes some of them had no feet or hands and the rest real flesh. But the worst of it, was that some had no arms or feet; or, perhaps, their eyes were on the sole of their feet, or in their back, or among their hair, and in the end of their fingers or nose.

Sometimes, one would not have any mother, or, may be one's sister would be a cow or a rabbit. Sometimes it would sometimes shine for a whole year, then not shine for a month or more, for ten years."

"O, Grace," cried Georgie, "Here is papa and mamma!" and they both ran away to meet them and forgot all about Grace's story. But papa didn't forget that she had been a good girl to amuse her brother, and he gave her what she most wanted.

Can you guess what? I will tell you—a story book.

WHY RAIN DOES NOT FALL EQUALLY IN ALL PLACES.

We have learned that rain is caused by the cooling and condensation of the moisture in the air. Bearing this in mind, let us study the surface of our country and see why the rain does not fall equally on all parts of it; instead of falling very abundantly in some places, as in New England and some of the Gulf states, and very sparingly in many of the West, as in New Mexico and Arizona.

The winds which blow to this country from the south and the east, being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken up from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land they gradually become cooled. The moisture, therefore, falls as rain while they pass over the land till, by the time they reach Western Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone, no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country from the north are much cooler than the land, and, as they sweep over it, toward the south and east, they gradually become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the form of rain, they are constantly taking up moisture from the earth. It is for this reason that our north and west winds are dry winds, and in fair weather, while the south and east winds bring rain. For this reason, also, the Eastern and Southern states have an abundance of rain; while the Central and Western states are often very dry.

And there is still another point to be considered. We already have noted the fact that at great heights the air is cooler. Hence, when a warm wind full of moisture comes blowing across the country and strikes a mountain range, it bends upward and rises high in the air to pass over. In so doing it becomes cooled, giving up its moisture, and passes over to the other side a dry wind. It is for this reason that some islands, like the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific ocean, where the winds blow almost always from the same direction, are subject to almost continuous rain on one side, while on the other rain is exceedingly rare. This also shows why California, west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, receives sufficient rain to make the soil fit for cultivation; while Nevada, on the east, is nearly rainless and barren. The moisture coming from the south and east is all condensed by the Alleghany, the Rocky, and the Wahsatch ranges, while that from the west is cut off by the Sierras. Hence, the great extent of country known to geologists as the Great Basin—which reaches from Oregon on the north to Mexico on the south, and from Colorado on the east to the Sierras on the west, comprising an area of not less than 200,500 square miles, which is nearly equal to the whole of France—receives over a great part of its surface an annual rainfall of not over four inches, and is therefore a desert.—*St. Nicholas for April.*

PATTY'S MUSIC BOX.

Patty Hendrick was so happy that she fairly jumped up and down. It had been snowing all the morning, and as no one had been to the farm house, Patty had been having a very dull time. Right after breakfast she had helped mamma do the dishes, had made her bed (for she was an industrious little girl) and then she had dressed and undressed Arabella until she was tired even of her. Now, however, she was very much excited, for when Dr. Gray came in front of the house on his way to see poor, sick Mrs. James, he saw Patty in the window and called to her.

"Ask your ma if you can go down and spend the day with Amy, for she has a sore throat, and if you can I'll stop for you when I come back," he said. Mamma was willing and now Patty was getting ready to go.

While Mrs. Hendrick was trying to see if Patty's face was clean, that damsel was dressing Arabella and talking as fast as her tongue could run:

"Mamma, do you suppose Mrs. Gray will let Amy have that lovely little puppy in the house? Do you believe we'll have jam tarts for supper? Have I got to come home before dark?"

Finally mamma said: "Why, Patty Hendrick, you must stop, or you will drive me crazy, and I can't get you ready to go at all."

All this happened a good many years ago, and little girls nowadays would think that Patty looked funny if they had seen her when she was ready to start. She had on bright red stockings and a red and brown plaid dress. Her hair had been up on corn cobs the night before to make it curl, and her face was almost as rosy as her stockings. Then she put on a thick brown coat, a white fur cape and hood, and red mittens and was all fixed when the doctor came.

On the way down to the village, Patty and the doctor met a g

DR. TALMAGE ON "LOSS AND GAIN."

He Expounds a Familiar Text—The Gain of the World a Poor Recompense for the Loss of the Soul.

BROOKLYN, May 6. —Dr. Talmage announced as the subject of the sermon "Loss and Gain," and his text was: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" —Mark viii, 36.

I am accustomed, Sabbath by Sabbath, to stand before an audience of bargain makers. There may be men in all occupations sitting before me, yet the vast majority of them, I am very well aware, are engaged from Monday morning to Saturday night in the store. In many of the families of my congregation, across the breakfast table and tea table are discussed the question of loss and gain. You are every day asking yourself: "What is the value of this? What is the value of that?" You would not think of giving something of greater value for that which is of lesser value. You would not think of selling that which cost you $10 for $5. If you had a property that was worth $15,000, you would not sell it for $4,000. You are intelligent in all matters of bargain making. Are you as wise in things that pertain to the matters of the soul? Christ adapted his instructions to the circumstances of those to whom he spoke. When he talked to fishermen he spoke of the Gospel net. When he talked to the farmers, he said: "A sower forth to sow." When he talked to the shepherds, he told the parable of the lost sheep. And am I not right when speaking this morning to an audience made up of bargain makers, that I address them in the words of my text, asking: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the world, and lose his own soul?"

I propose, as far as possible, to estimate and compare the value of two properties.

First, I have to say that the world is a very grand property. Its flowers are God's thoughts in bloom. Its rocks are God's thoughts in stone. Its dewdrops are God's thoughts in pearl. This world is God's child, a wayward child, indeed; it has wandered off through the heavens for 6,000 years ago, one Christmas night, God sent out a sister world to call that wanderer back, and it hung over Bethlehem only long enough to get the promise of the wanderer's return, and now that lost world, with soft feet of light, comes treading back through the heavens. The hills, how beautiful they billow up, the edges of the wave white with the foam of crocuses! How beautiful the rainbow, the arched bridge on which heaven and earth come and talk to each other in tears, after the storm is over. How nimble the feet of the lamplighters that in a few minutes set all the dome of the night ablaze with bracelets of fire! How bright the car of the saffron cloud that rows across the deep sea of heaven! How beautiful the spring, with bridal blossoms in her hair! I wonder who it is that beats time on a June morning for the bird orchestra. How gently the larkbell tolls it fragrance on the air! There may be grander worlds, swarthier worlds, larger worlds than this, but I think that this is a most exquisite world—a mignonette on the bosom of immensity! "Oh," you say, "take my soul; give me that world! I am willing to take it in exchange. I am ready now for the bargain. It is a beautiful world, so sweet a world, so grand a world!"

But let us look more minutely into the value of this world. You will not buy property unless you can get a good title to it. After you have looked at the property and found out that it suits you, you send an attorney to the public office, and he examines the book of deeds, and the book of mortgages, and the book of judgments, and the book of liens, and he decides whether the title is good before you will have anything to do with it. There might be a splendid property, and in every way exactly suited to your want, but if you cannot get a good title you will not take it. Now, I am here this morning to say that it is impossible to get a good title to this world. If I settle down upon it in the very year I so settle down upon it as a permanent possession I may be driven away from it. Aye, in five minutes after I give up my soul for the world I may have to part with the world, and what kind of a title do you call that? There is only one way in which I can hold an earthly possession, and that is through the senses. All beautiful sights through the eye, but the eye may be blotted out; all captivating sounds through the ear, but my ear may be deafened; all lusciousness of fruits and viands through my taste, but my taste may be destroyed; all appreciation of culture and of art through my mind, but my mind, what a frail hold, then, I have upon any earthly possession!

In courts of law, if you want to get a man off a property, you must serve upon him a writ of ejectment, giving him a certain time to vacate the premises; but when death comes to us and serves a writ of ejectment, he does not give us one second of time for quarreling. He says: "Leave this place! You have no right any longer in the possession." We might cry out: "I gave you $100,000 for that property;" the plea would be of no avail. We might say: "We have a lien on that store house;" that would do us no good. Death is blind, and he cannot see a seal, and he cannot read an indenture. So that, first and last, I want to tell you that when you propose that I give up my soul for the world, you cannot give me the first item of title.

Having examined the title of a property, your next question is about insurance. You would not be silly enough to buy a large warehouse that could not possibly be insured. I have something to say about such a property. Now, I ask you what assurance can you give me that this world is not going to be burned up? Absolutely none. Geologists tell us that it is already on fire; that the heart of the world is one great living coal; that like a ship on fire at sea, the flames not bursting out because the hatches are kept down. And yet you propose to palm off on me, in return for my soul, a world for which, in the first place, you give no title, and in the second place, for which you can give no insurance. Oh," you say, "the waters of the world will, sweep over all the land and put out the fire." Oh, no. There are inflammable elements in the water, hydrogen and oxygen. Call off the hydrogen, and then the Atlantic and Pacific oceans would blaze like heaps of shavings. You want me to take this world, for which you can give no possible insurance.

Astronomers have swept their telescopes through the sky, and have found out that there have been thirteen worlds in the last two centuries that have disappeared. At first they looked just like other worlds. Then they got deeply red—they were on fire. Then they got ashen, showing they were burned down. Then they disappeared, showing that the ashes were scattered. And if the geologist be right in his prophecy then our world is to go in the same way. And yet you want me to exchange my soul for it. Ah, no; it is a world that is burning now. Suppose you brought an insurance agent to look at your property for the purpose of giving you a policy upon it, and while he stood in front of the house he should say: "That house is now on fire in the basement," you could not get any insurance upon it. Yet you talk about this world as though it were a safe investment, as though you could get some insurance upon it when down in the basement it is on fire.

I remark, also, that this world is a property, with which everybody who has taken it as a possession has had trouble. Now, I know a large reach of land that is not built on. I ask what is the matter, and they reply that everybody who has anything to do with that property got into trouble about it. It is just so with this world; everybody that has had any thing to do with its possession, has been in perplexity. How was it with Lord Byron? Did he not sell his immortal soul for the purpose of getting the world? Was he satisfied with the possession? Alas! alas! the poem graphically describes his case when it says:

Drank every cup of joy,
Heard every trump of fame;
Drank early, deeply drank,
Drank draughts which common millions might have quenched,
Then died of thirst because there was no more to drink.

Oh, yes, we had trouble with it; and so did Napoleon. After conquering nations by the force of the sword, he lies down to die; his entire possession, the military boots that he insisted on having upon his feet while he was dying. So it has been with men who had better ambition. Thackeray, one of the most genial and lovable souls, after he had won the applause of all intelligent lands through his wonderful genius, sits down in a restaurant, in Paris, looks to the other end of the room, and wonders whose that forlorn and wretched face is; rising up after a while, he finds that it is Thackeray in the mirror. Oh, yes, this world is a cheat. Talk about a man gaining the world! Who ever gained half of the world? Who ever owned a hemisphere? Who ever gained a continent? Who ever owned Asia? Who ever gained a city? Who ever owned Brooklyn? Talk about gaining the world! No man ever gained it, or the hundred-thousandth part of it. You are demanding that I sell my soul, not for the world, but for a fragment of it. Here is a man who has had a large estate for forty or fifty years. He lies down to die. You say; "That man is worth millions and millions of dollars." Is he? You call up a surveyor, with his compass and chains, and you say: "There is a property extending three miles in one direction, and three miles in another direction." Is that the way to measure that man's property? No! You do not want any surveyor, with his compass and chains. That is not the way you want to measure that man's property now. It is an undertaker that you need, who will come and put his finger in his vest pocket, and take out a tape line, and he will measure five feet nine inches one way, and two feet and a half the other way. That is the man's property. Oh, no, I forgot; not so much as that, for he does not own even the place in which he lies in the cemetery. The deed to that belongs to the executors and the heirs. Oh, what a property you propose to give me for my soul! if you sell a bill of goods you go into the counting room and say to your partner: "Do you think that man is good for this bill? Can he give proper security? Will he meet this payment?" Now, when you are offered this world as a possession, I want you to test the matter. I do not want to go into this bargain blindly. I want you to ask about the title, about the insurance, about whether men have ever had any trouble with it, about whether you can keep it, about whether you can get all, or the ten-thousandth or one hundred-thousandth part of it.

There is the world now. I shall say no more about it. Make up you mind for yourself, as I shall before God have to make up my mind for myself, about the value of this world. I cannot afford to make a mistake for my soul, and you cannot afford to make a mistake for your soul.

Now, let us look at the other property—the soul. We cannot make margin without seeing the comparative value. The soul! How shall I estimate the value of it? Well, by its exquisite organization. It is the most wonderful piece of mechanism ever put together. Machinery is of value in proportion as it is mighty and silent at the same time. You look at the engine and the machinery in the Philadelphia mint, and as you see it performing its wonderful work, you will be surprised to find how silently it goes. Machinery that roars and tears soon destroys itself, but silent machinery is often most effective. Now, so it is with the soul of man, with all its tremendous faculties—it moves in silence. Judgment, without any racket, lifting its scales; memory, without any noise, bringing down all its treasures; conscience taking its judgment seat without any excitement; the understanding and the will all doing their work. Velocity, majesty, might; but silence—silence. You listen at the door of your heart. You can hear no sound. The soul is all quiet. It is so delicate an instrument that no human hand can touch it. You break a bone, and with splinters and bandages the surgeon sets it; the eye becomes inflamed, the apothecary's wash cools it; but a soul off the track, unbalanced, no human power can readjust. With one sweep of its wing it circles the universe and over-vaults the throne of God. Why, in the hour of death the soul is so mighty it throws aside the body as though it were a toy. The most back medical skill as impotent. It breaks through the circle of loved ones who stand around the dying couch. With one leap it springs beyond star and moon and sun and chasms of immensity. Oh, it is a soul superior to all material things! No fire can consume it; no floods can drown it; no rocks can crush it; no walls can impede it; no time can exhaust it. It wants no bridge on which to cross a chasm. It wants no plummet with which to sound a depth. A soul so mighty, so swift, so silent, must be a priceless soul.

I calculate the value of the soul, also, by its capacity for happiness. How much joy it can get in this world out of friendships, out of books, out of clouds, out of the sea, out of flowers, out of ten thousand things; yet all the joy it has here does not test its capacity. You are in a concert before the curtain hoists, and you hear the instruments preparing—the sharp snap of the broken string, the scraping of the bow across the viol. "There is no music in that," you say. It is only getting ready for the music. And all the enjoyment of the soul in this world, the enjoyment we think is real enjoyment, is only preparative. It is only anticipative; it is only the first stages of the thing; it is only the entrance, the beginning of that which shall be the orchestral harmonies and splendors of the redeemed.

You cannot test the full power of the soul for happiness in this world. How much power the soul has here to find enjoyment in friendships! but, oh, the grander friendships for the soul in the skies! How sweet the flowers here! but how much sweeter they will be there! I do not think that when flowers die on earth, they die forever. I think that the fragrance of the flowers is the spirit being wafted away into glory. God says there are palm trees in heaven and fruit trees in heaven. If so, why not the spirits of the dead flowers? In the sunny valleys of heaven, shall not the marigold creep? On the hills of heaven, will not the amaranth bloom? On the amethystine walls of heaven, will not the jasmine climb? "My beloved is come down in his garden to gather lilies." No flowers in heaven? Where, then, do they get their garlands for the brows of the righteous?

Christ is glorious to our souls now, but how much grander our appreciation after a while! A conqueror coming back after a battle. He has been fighting for us. He comes upon the platform. He has one arm in a sling, and the other holds a crutch. As he mounts the platform, oh, the enthusiasm of the audience! They say: "That man fought for us, and imperilled his life for us," and how wild the huzza that follows huzza! When the Lord Jesus Christ shall at last stand out before the multitudes of the redeemed of heaven, and meet him face to face, and feel that he was wounded in the head, and wounded in the hands, and wounded in the feet, and wounded in the heart, the enthusiasm will be overwhelmed. We will sit some time in silence, until some leader amidst the white robed choir shall lift the baton of light, and give the signal that it is time to wake the song of jubilee; and all heaven will then break forth into: "Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna! Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."

I calculate further the value of the soul by the price that has been paid for it. In St. Petersburg there is a diamond that the government paid $200,000 for. "Well," you say, "it must have been very valuable, or the government would not have paid $200,000 for it." I want to see what my soul is worth, and what your soul is worth, by seeing what has been paid for it. For that immortal soul, the richest blood that was ever shed, the deepest groan that was ever uttered, all the griefs of earth compressed into one tear, all the sufferings of earth gathered into one rapier of pain and struck through his holy heart. Does it not imply tremendous value?

I argue, also, the value of the soul from the home that has been fitted up for it in the future. One would have thought a street of adamant would have done. No; it is a street of gold. One would have thought that a wall of granite would have done. No; it is the flame of sardonyx mingling with the green of emerald. One would have thought that an occasional doxology would have done. No; it is a perpetual song. If the ages of heaven marched in a straight line, some day the last regiment, perhaps, might pass out of sight; but no, the ages of heaven do not march in a straight line, but in a circle around about the throne of God. Forever, forever, forever! A soul so bought, so equipped, so provided for, must be a priceless soul, a tremendous soul.

Now, you have seen the two properties—the world, the soul. One perishable, the other immortal. One unsatisfying, the other capable of ever increasing felicity. Will you trade even? Remember it is the only investment you can make. If a man sell a bill of goods worth $5,000, and he is cheated out of it, he may get $5,000 somewhere else; but a man who invests his soul invests all. Losing that, he loses all. Saving that, he saves all. In the light of my text, it seems to me as if you were this morning offering your soul to the highest bidder; and I hear you say: "What is bid for it, my deathless spirit? What is bid for it?" Satan says: "I'll bid the world." You say: "Begone! That is no equivalent. Sell my soul for the world? No! Begone!" But there is some one else in the audience not so wise as that. He says: "What is bid for my immortal soul?" Satan says: "I'll bid the world." "The world? Going at that, going at that, going! Gone!" Gone forever!

What is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That which was lost in paradise,
That which in Christ is found.

DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

Sick Headache

"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

MRS. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Then let us gather round the cross,
That knowledge to obtain;
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain.

Well, there are a great many people in the house who say: "I will not sell my soul for the world. I find the world is an unsatisfying portion." What, then, will you do with your soul? Some one whispers here: "I will give my soul to Christ?" Will you? That is the wisest resolution you ever made. Will you give it to Christ. When? To-morrow? No; now, I congratulate you if you have come to such a decision. Oh, if this morning the eternal Spirit of God would come down upon this audience, and show you the vanity of this world, and the immense importance of Christ's religion, and the infinite value of your own immortal souls, what a house this would be! what an hour this would be! what a moment this would be! Do you know that Christ has bought your soul? Do you know that he has paid an infinite price for it? Do you know that he is worthy of it? Will you give it to him now?

I was reading of a sailor who had just got ashore, and was telling about the last experience at sea. He said: "The last time I crossed the ocean we had a terrific time. After we had been out three or four days, the machinery got disarranged, and the steamship came to, escape, and the captain, gathering the people and crew on deck, said: 'Unless some one shall go down and shut off that steam, and arrange that machinery at the peril of his life, we must all be destroyed.' He was not willing to go down himself. No one seemed willing to go. The passengers gathered at one end of the steamer waiting for their fate. The captain said: 'I give you a last warning. If there is no one here willing to imperil his life and go down and fix that machinery, we must all be lost.' A plain sailor said: 'I'll go sir;' and he wrapped himself in a coarse piece of canvas and went down, and what he done but a few moments, when the escaping steam stopped, and the machinery was corrected. The captain cried out to the passengers: 'All saved! Let us go down below and see what has become of the poor fellow.' They went down. There he lay dead." Vicarious suffering! Saved for all! Oh, do you suppose that those people on the ship ever forgot, even can forget, that poor fellow? "No!" they say, "it was through his sacrifice that I got ashore." The time came when our whole race must die unless some one should endure torture and sorrow and shame. Who shall come to the rescue? Shall it be one of the seraphim? No one. Shall it be one of the cherubim? Not one. Shall it be an inhabitant of some pure and unfallen world? Not one. Then Christ said: "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God," and he went down through the dark stairs of our sin and wretchedness and misery and woe, and he stopped the peril, and he died that you and I might live. Is it a sacrifice? Is it endurance! oh, the horrors of the sacrifice! Shall not our souls this morning go out toward him, saying: "Lord Jesus Christ, take my soul! Thou art worthy to have it! Thou hast died to save it!"

God help you this morning rightly to cipher out this sum in Gospel arithmetic: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

BUSINESS REVIEW.

The Conditions Noticeable During the Past Seven Days.

NEW YORK, May 5.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say:

The state of business is uncertain. There is slight improvement in some branches, increasing depression in others, but hesitation and waiting are all parts. The net result has been a little advance in prices of securities, with a considerable decline in the prices of commodities.

Anxieties about money have been dispelled by treasury purchases of bonds. But the usual payments for the first week of the month have helped, and it is still uncertain whether the receipts will be not much longer to get enough bonds to prevent accumulation of money. The prospect of a reduction of revenue does not increase. At interior towns money is generally in ample supply for the existing demand. Settlements at Chicago were unusually small for May 1. Foreign exchange is a little higher, but merchandise exports also improve.

The reports of trade from interior points are not enthusiastic. Inactivity or quiet is the prevailing feature, with more frequent complaints of slow collections.

Reports of injury to wheat have become more definite, but the telegraph brings news of extensive rains at Denver, Omaha and Milwaukee, and in California the rain caused a sudden fall of 5 cents per cental. Pork products, hogs and cotton are a little higher, and oil has risen 1½ cents.

Coffee and sugar are unchanged, holders being confident, and refiners and hiders are a shade weaker and the collapse of the tin speculation caused a fall from about 37 to about 20 cents. Weakening in copper naturally follows, but it is supposed that the syndicate has concentrated its efforts in order to control that market.

Lower freights have been obtained by Lehigh from producers, but all the benefit goes to consumers. The market for pig iron, even at 1 Sc is unsatisfactory; plate, structural and sheet iron are reported weaker and steel rails are quoted at $30 50. The southern supply of iron increases.

Anthracite coal is stronger, production having diminished. The dry goods business is more hopeful; the falling off in the fall trade at this season is regarded as encouraging, though the movement is moderate and prices unchanged. The general result of trading for the past month has been a decline of nearly 4 per cent. in prices of commodities as a whole, notwithstanding the strength in grain and produce markets. Failures during seven days: For the United States, 109; Canada, 25; total, 234. During the corresponding week last year the figures were 182, 29 in Canada and 152 in the United States.

THE CROPS.

Northwestern Grain Will Be Backward—The Seeding Slow and Conditions Bad.

ST. PAUL, May 5.—On the 5th of May last year seeding in Minnesota and Dakota was finished, and the crop had been put in the ground in excellent condition and under the most favorable conditions of weather. This year the season has been backward and cold, and more rain fell in this state in April than ever before.

The last rains have stopped seeding entirely in nearly all parts of the Northwest, and the ground is wet and cold. No progress has been made during the past week, and unless the weather is of the best nothing can be done for nearly a week more.

This is particularly true of the Southern part of Minnesota. In many of the Southern counties the ground was wet before the last rains, and in some places is now covered with water, so that it will be a week before teams can be taken into the fields even with the best of weather from this time. Farmers are getting discouraged over the situation, but with the next 10 days of good weather the remainder of the crop would be sown.

The Strike is Off.

PITTSBURG, Pa., May 4.—The strike at Edgar Thomson steel works is at an end, although not yet definitely declared off.

The strikers are unquestionably beaten, as the works are running in every department, and the old men are going back to work in droves. Five hundred have applied for their old positions. Monday the works are to be started all through the mill, and the plant run to its fullest capacity.

The Farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Covering Potatoes with Straw—Sweeney.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I notice an article in BLADE FARM from "Old Subscriber," Bangor, Maine, asking for directions for covering potatoes with straw. I will give my experience, hoping it may do some good. Plow the ground the same as in the old way; harrow well, as the first thing in putting in a crop of any kind is to have a good seed bed. Make light furrows the ordinary width with a corn marker. Plant either in hills or drill-rows. Then cover the ground three or four inches deep with straw. Fine short straw is the best. Be careful to cover all the surface of the ground evenly and you will not be troubled with weeds. For early planting, it is best to cover the potatoes lightly with earth. Then cover with straw just before they come up.

To cure the sweeny take turpentine, 1 gill; camphor, ¼ oz.; corrosive sublimate, ¼ oz. Apply to the affected part once or twice a day with a mop until it is well blistered. Give the horse rest. It will cure the worst case of sweeny or sprained shoulder.—J. A. FINLEY, Auburn, Wis.

Chiffa Chuffu Grass.

BLADA FARM:—In an answer to an inquiry in your issue of the 19th ult., with regard to where the seed of the Chiffa Chuffu or Earth Almond could be procured, the writer would say, that it can be obtained in any of the parishes on Red River between Shreveport and Alexandria by giving it the local name of Cocoa grass. The planters of Louisiana regard it, and the Guinea grass, as being two of the worst weeds they have to contend with on their plantation. Many years ago they were brought to Red River in shrubbery, from New Orleans, and the two grasses have spread with surprising rapidity, as no hoeing will destroy them, and plowing through the patches where they grow, only serves to spread them over other parts of the fields, and when once they are well planted, they are there to stay. The steamboats carry the tuberles from landing to landing on their stem and thus propagate the pests.

The same may be said with regard to cattle, horses, and mules, for when the earth is moist the grasses adhere to their feet, and in this manner the work of planting goes on, and the evil extends. Thousands of acres of as fine land as the sun ever shone on have had to be abandoned owing to their being infested with either cocoa or guinea grass. The writer knows of two instances where very small patches of the cocoa were destroyed. In one, the ground was heavily sown with salt, and in the other all the cotton seed of the plantation was plied three feet high on the bed, where it was growing, and when it had rotted down in two years, the cocoa was found to be eradicated." Neither of these experiments are applicable on a large scale, as the sowing of salt in an excessive quantity will destroy all vegetation for years, and cotton seed has become too valuable to apply to the land, since it was found to yield an oil which is nearly equal to that extracted from the olive. The cultivation of the chuffu was introduced into the gardens of this state in years gone by, but fortunately the plant changed to annual, for if it was winter-killed; had it become a perennial one here, it might have given much trouble to get rid of it. In the South the writer never heard of the bulbs being eaten by either black or white persons, during a residence of fifteen years there. Cattle and horses will eat the grass, but will leave it alone if they can feed on the Bermuda grass. The writer would advise your Janesville correspondent to let the cocoa grass severely alone.—FUMUS, Oshkosh, Wis.

Raising Potatoes Under Straw.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—If Old Subscriber, in the BLADE FARM of April 12, will prepare his ground the same as for potatoes to be cultivated, then mark his ground in rows 18 inches apart, drop the potatoes in and cover 2 to 4 inches deep with soil he will have them ready to cover with straw. Now wait until the potatoes are nearly through the ground before doing more to them. Then cover with straw or coarse manure that is free of weeds or grass seed, 4 or 5 inches thick when settled is thick enough. If stray weeds come through the mulch mow them off. You will not need to do more until digging time

We raise potatoes in the way above mentioned and find it a success. Planting (?) when other ways of planting fail. But I would advise Old Subscriber to experiment in a small way, for he must remember that "the sun comes down the straight way" here during the summer, and the mulching keeps the ground cool, and moist, something that is, perhaps, not needed where Old Subscriber resides.—J. S. Y., Dade county, Mo.

Tobacco.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Can we raise tobacco successfully so far north as Minnesota? If so, what is a good method of cultivation and preparing for market.—E. S. DOUGHTY. [Will some reader of the BLADE FARM give their experience in tobacco raising in Minnesota.—ED.]

Cheap Incubator.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some one of the BLADE readers give me directions for building an incubator on a small scale, cheap.—S. S. BARBER, Jackson Co. W. Va. [Most incubators are patented. If any one can give a plan for an incubator that is not patented, we shall be pleased to publish the description.—ED.]

Received

We are indebted to M. Mohler, secretary, for the report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, for the quarter ending March 31, 1888, containing a summary of the reports of correspondents as to the condition of crops, fruit, live stock, etc., together with the complete report of the committee appointed to investigate the best methods of silos and ensilage. Also papers on various subjects, read at the 17th annual meeting of the board, January 11 to 13, with a synopsis of the discussion on the same. All the reports got up by the Kansas State board of agriculture are valuable, and this one before us is no exception. The people of Kansas are fortunate in having gentleman of marked ability in their State board of Agriculture.

The *Bee Keepers' Guide*, published by A. G. Hill, Kendallville, Ind. This is a neat book of 32 pages, has a very instructive table of contents, and is printed in the best of style and with clear type. The publication has now reached its fifth number, vol. xii. Price 50 cents per year.

The Cincinnati *Price Current's* thirty-ninth annual report of pork packing in the West and elsewhere in the United States, accompanied with provision and grain trade statistics, for the year ending March 1, 1888. The fact that the book is the work of Mr. Charles B. Murray, editor of the Cincinnati *Price Current*, is sufficient evidence of correctness of statement and carefulness in the statistical part. He has a deservedly high reputation for such work, and the present report is in every way a most creditable one. The tables relating to swine, pork-packing, distribution of provisions, number of cattle, sheep and swine, crops of the United States, prices, exports and consumption are so complete and comprehensive as to make the book of great value to any one interested in such matters. Price, 25 cents.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Improve his Health.

A. H. R., Hutchinson county, Dakota: The best thing you can do for your horse, will be to improve his general strength. Take of sulphate of iron four ounces; of ginger, four ounces. Make into ten balls with common mass, and give one twice a day. Also give a bran mash daily while giving the above.

Retention or Urine.

F. W. H., Wood Lake, Nebraska: In all cases of retention of urine, the services of a veterinary should be had if possible. If your horse is suffering from weakness of the bladder, give this: Powdered camphor, two drachms; saltpetre half an ounce. An injection of warm water containing a drachm of extract of belladona will be of service.

Garget.

S. F., Bennett, Neb.: Your cow is suffering from a slight attack of garget. Give her an ounce of saltpetre twice a day in her drinking water. Bathe the udder frequently with warm water. Knead that portion of the bag affected gently, and rub it with powdered camphor, ¼ ounce; extract of belladona and lard, of each 1 ounce. Give bran mashes daily for a week. Milk at least three times a day, and do not give much water.

Indigestion in Horse.

W. P., Canton, Ohio: It may be that your horse is suffering from indigestion, in which case it will be necessary to give him a cathartic of raw linseed oil, 16 ounces, ginger one-half ounce. Follow this up, after the physic has operated, with bicarbonate of soda, half an ounce; powdered gentian, half an ounce; powdered nux vomica, 15 grains. The above amount twice daily for three or four days. It would be well for you to call a veterinary to examine the animal. We cannot give you the information you desire regarding the scaleless carp. Anyone having them might do well by advertising them in the BLADE. Carp will thrive on boiled potatoes, vegetables, mush, etc. They are not overparticular. In one year a carp sent out from the fish establishment at Washington will grow in length from six to eight inches, and twelve to fourteen inches long in two years. They will spawn, if of fair size when deposited, the second year.

Slobbering Horse.

W. H. B., Evart, Mich.: The cause of your horse "slobbering" or dribbling may, we think, be traced to his teeth. Examine his teeth carefully and see if one or more of them is not decayed. If there is a black spot on any one of them, by rapping it, you will find it to give the animal quick, sharp pain. There may be swelling of the gum, and pain, or there may be some foreign substance between the teeth. The only way is to remove anything found in the teeth; or, if a tooth is decayed, have a veterinary remove it.

Cannot Tell.

H. P. S., Clinton, Wis.:—From what you write we cannot give you proper advice regarding your horse. The swelling may be the result of a sprain or affection of the liver or heart. An examination by a veterinary is necessary. Are his sheath and yard all right?

Grass—Stumps.

A. C., Round Mountain, Cal.:—The orchard or Cock's foot grass is especially good for shaded places, but should be cut for hay before it is ripe, as after it is ripe it becomes coarse and hard. It requires a good arable soil. We could tell you better if we knew the kind of soil you have. The best way to get rid of trees is to saw or chop them down, sell the best part of the wood, if possible, and burn the remainder. The ashes is excellent for the soil. To get rid of stumps, the mode practiced in many places is to get giant powder cartridges. An iron rod is used for making a hole under the stump, in which the cartridge is placed. A fuse to the cartridge is lit, and the one who lights it stands at a safe distance until the cartridge explodes, which blows the stump out, roots and all. It is said that by boring a hole in the top of a stump, filling it with coal oil, letting it stand for a few months and setting it afire, the stump will burn up. To overcome the pitch in the ground much will depend upon the nature of the soil. Is it damp, or dry, clay or loam?

Chapman Honey Plant.

Chas. A. R., No Heighton: If the supply of the Chapman honey plant seed is exhausted at the department of agriculture in Washington, we cannot say where seed may be had. Perhaps some reader of the BLADE Farm can tell.

Sprinkling Apple Trees.

Wm. M Nichols, Kansas: We believe London purple is now the popular thing with which to spray apple trees. Take a pound of the purple, stir it thoroughly in a pail three-quarters full of water. Fill two 40 gallon barrels with water and put the purple in the water in the barrels—half the contents of the pail in each. Put the barrels on a wagon. Let one man drive the team slowly through the orchard, while another works the pump on the hose of which is a spraying nozzle. The trees must be pretty well sprinkled. The trees should be sprinkled just after the blossoms fall.

Strawberry Culture.

J. G. E., Lebanon, Oregon: Any land that will produce good corn is adapted to the raising of strawberries. The ground should be mellow and well drained. The land should be deeply subsoiled and have a supply of well-rotted barnyard manure. Strawberries are propagated from runners, each plant throwing out a number during the season, which take root at the joint. New plants should be chosen, and spring is the best time to plant. Some plant in the fall to get a partial crop next year, but this does not compensate for the injury done the plant during the winter. The plant needs one season to become strong. The ground should always be prepared in the fall. There are three modes of culture practiced. First, the bed system, where the plants are allowed to run all over the ground. This is the poorest way, as the plants clog and do not bear properly. The second is the row system, in which the runners are confined to the row of a foot Wide, while the plants are set one foot apart in the row. This is a popular system in field culture. The third is the hill system. In this the runners are kept carefully cut, and not permitted to set new plants, and the whole work of fruiting is confined to the original plants. This system gives fine fruit, but not so great in quantity as the first mode of culture. In field culture the distance between the rows should be three to three and a half feet, and the plants set twelve to eighteen inches apart. Plants set in the spring and well managed, by fall the row will be filled with vigorous plants, which will bear a full crop the next year. The rows should be covered with mulch on the approach of winter. Old straw, hay, or anything not having seeds in it will do. Straw and leaves mixed make a good mulch. In the spring, the earth between the rows should be loosened, and pulverized close up to the plants with a cultivator or plow. Then the mulch should be renewed, and worked well down among the plants. The mulch should be put on so heavy as to smother the plants. The mulch should be left until the picking is over. Weeds and grass should be pulled out. Two good crops are about all that can be expected. A new plantation should be made each year. Plants should be set out in a county like this, in October, but the plant should never be set below the level of the surface. The soil around the plant should be pressed firmly in order to secure certain growth.

Dairying in the Hawaiian Islands.

The Hawaiian (Honolulu) *Gazette* of March 27 has an article on dairying that will prove of interest to American dairymen. It shows the methods at the Woodlawn dairy, at Punahou, of which Mr. John Grace is manager. The reporter went to headquarters with Mr. B. F. Dillingham and learned these facts:

The number of cows milked twice every day is 215. Four wagons are sent out soon after daylight and each one delivers to some 600 customers and to fill casual orders as well. About 400 gallons per day is the usual quantity dispatched for distribution through the streets and lanes of Honolulu. The same milk is not brought into town twice. Whatever quantity is undisposed of from the wagons is taken back to the dairy. But it is not dumped in with next milking; it is not thrown into the gutter; nor is it given to the calves, as it would be rather too expensive an article of calf nutriment. It is taken to the creamer centrifugal and separator, where it is whirled round in the neat little machine driven by a 4-horse power and making 7,000 revolutions per minute. The machine works in an airy room with tiled floor, and from it is evolved the cream from which the celebrated ice cream men, Horn and Hart, obtain their supplies. The skimmed milk from the creamer and separated is fed to calves and sold to order of Love's bakery and housekeepers desiring it for baking purposes.

The cream is taken to the butter house which stands further up the slope and considerably higher than the barn level and away from all the oders of the barn or its surroundings. It is stored in an ice chest whence it is taken, from time to time, as above stated, to the ice cream and what is left after they are supplied is churned into butter. What is called "working the butter" after churning, a process usually performed by hand, is here gone through in a more scientific manner. It goes into a centrifugal precisely like a sugar mill centrifugal where the "working" is effected with much greater speed and in a more thorough fashion than could be expected from hand work. This centrifugal is a recent addition to the dairy apparatus, having been obtained by Mr. Dillingham in his recent tour in England.

The barn has 150 feeding stalls in two rows, the cattle when stalled standing *vis a vis* with the feed track for their evening fodder at the cribs, as elsewhere stated, running between. It is in contemplation to extend the stall accommodation for 75 or 80 more head. The cows are tied up for grub and milking at 6 o'clock, morning and evening.

To run the dairy, about 24 horses are constantly employed, and a complement, including managing drivers, of 23 men. The milkers and farm hands, of 23 men. The workmen who have the handling of the milk are regular trained dairymen, all of European or American birth or descent. The milkers are experts in their department, one man milking as many as 40 cows per day. Every man about the dairy buildings is busy as a bee seven days in the week. The milkers, after the milking is done, are engaged in washing cans, running the creamer or attending the sorghum cutter and otherwise superintending the preparation of feed. The wagon drivers, delivering milk in all sorts of weather, storm or shine, with unfailing regularity. The whole ranch carries about 700 head of stock including calves. The stock comprises Holsteins, Jerseys, Durhams and Ayrshires. The Jerseys number nearly 100.

One thousand acres of land are under contribution for grazing and fodder supplies, besides large quantities of feed imported from abroad. Two hundred and sixty acres of this land is freehold of the company and the remaining 740 acres is held under leases. The leased lands command high rentals, especially those required for milch cows. The rents on these lands, with water, average at the rate of thirty dollars an acre per annum. From thirty to forty acres of the land is under cultivation for raising sorghum and other feed. The sorghum is of the variety known as "amber cane," found in other countries to be one of the best articles of feed produced. Millet is also raised on the land for horse feed.

The plan of management has in view the utilization of the millet on the ranch for horse feed, also to get as much land as practicable under sorghum to lessen expenditures in the matter of imported feed.

Besides the above referred to supplies, large quantities of costly foreign feed are of every day use, requiring importations of some 35 tons every month. The imports consist of oil cake meal, middlings, bran, oats and hay. The prices of these articles fluctuate more or less in the markets, but the usual rates are: bran, $20 to $27 per ton; middlings, $23 to $28 per ton; oil cake meal, $34 to $40 per ton; oats $40 to $50 per ton; and hay, $30 to $35 per ton.

The sorghum is run through a Ross cutter driven by an up-right 20-horse power engine, and is chopped into bits about four cuts to the inch. This cut feed is loaded on to low cars and run by a railroad track to the barn and along between the rows of feeding cribs, discharging freight at each crib.

What with the high grades of cows and the superior qualities of feed used, milk of the richest possible quality is the result.

Milking time comes twice a day, at 7 o'clock morning and evening. The milk is taken to the milk room, situated on a considerably higher level than the barn and distant from it about 40 feet. The cans are stood in a tank of fresh water, a constant stream flowing in and out of the tank. The tank is on the windward side, the wall adjacent being latticed to admit of a continuous current of fresh air. The temperature of the water is about 71 degrees Fahrenheit.

The milk contains a most important and essential part of first class dairy work, is here done in a most thorough manner. Every can is here done in a most thorough manner. Every can is first scrubbed by a hard brush with a solution of soap, soda and warm water. It is then rinsed in a tank of clear water. The cans are then placed on racks in a caldron of boiling water and thoroughly scalded. The fourth and last manipulation is to turn them upside down on pegs on a rack outdoors, where they get the benefit of the fresh mountain air for twelve hours before they are again used.

DEATH WAS THERE.

A Carload of Dynamite Explodes Several Killed and Many Injured.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., May 7.—A freight train on the Philadelphia & Reading railroad was passing through Locust Gap, six miles from this place, at 11 o'clock Saturday night, when a car loaded with dynamite exploded, killing seven people, wounding 30, some seriously, burning eight houses, leveling four more blocks to the ground and wrecking hundreds of others. The following are the names of the killed: John Quinn, aged 40; Kate

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The condition of the Egyptian cotton crop is excellent.

The plumbers and carpenters of Troy, N. Y., have struck for eight hours.

President F. A. B. Barnard, of Columbia college, has resigned, on account of failing health.

Gen. Sheridan has arrived in Chicago and paid a visit to Gen. Crook, department commander.

The Chinese government has decided to erect monuments to General Gordon on the scenes of his victories over the Taiping rebels.

Advices from Brisbane state that riotous anti-Chinese demonstrations have occurred there. Several shops, belonging to Chinamen, were wrecked.

At Sydney, N. S. W., the steamers Tsinam and Afghan, with Chinese immigrants, arrived. The police took steps to prevent the landing of the Chinamen.

Edward Lloyd, the English tenor, who is to sing at the Cincinnati festival, has arrived in New York. With him came his wife and Napoleon Vert, his agent.

A 3-yea-old son of John Cochnower attempted to slide down the banisters at the family residence in Cincinnati and fell a distance of twenty feet, receiving injuries from which the child died.

In accordance with the request of Catholic members of Parliament, the Lord Mayor of Dublin has called a meeting for May 17 to discuss the Pope's rescript. The requisition had 60 signatures.

The salient point of the preface of Gen Boulanger's book, is the general's advocacy of the right of the army to have a voice in a question of peace or war.

The municipal elections in France have resulted mostly in favor of the party of the left, and have given support to the government. The Boulangist districts return mostly conservatives.

The statement from Shang Hai that the French eastern squadron has been ordered to rendezvous at Yokohama, and to await there the arrival of sealed orders from Paris, is denied by Admiral Krantz, minister of Marine.

The steamer Baltic from Liverpool, which sailed from Queenstown yesterday, has returned. Her low-pressure valve stem is broken. It will take ten hours to make the necessary repairs.

The American consul at Frankfort reports that the value of exports from his district, during the first quarter of 1888, shows a decrease, as compared with the corresponding period of 1887, of $1,000,000.

The master spinners of Bolton, England, have resolved to adopt short time in order to prevent their men from assisting the men who are expected to go on strike at Oldham.

The Berlin *Germania* (Catholic) notes that a rescript emanating from the congregation of the holy office is not a political act. The Pope, it says, "sees two distinct movements in Ireland —one national the other revolutionary. Archbishop Walsh has been distinctly assured that the vatican will not hinder the former movement."

CAUGHT BY A WHALE.

A Monster Fish Snags on an Anchor and Runs Away with a Big Vessel.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., May 3.—A letter has been received from the cook of the brig H. B. Griffin, Capt. George Nelson, now absent on the banks, in which a story is narrated which illustrates the dangers attending the life of a fisherman. The Griffin is one of the largest vessels going out of this port. She arrived on the banks a few weeks ago and found fish exceedingly plenty. One early day while she was moderately line, while the crew were all in their dories attending their trawls, the captain and cook remaining aboard, as is customary—the sails being furled and the vessel at anchor—the two occupant felt a sudden jerk, and a moment afterward the vessel was going through the water at a rapid rate, they rushed on deck to find the cause of the sudden motion, but none was discovered until suddenly a large whale was seen to come to the surface and blow, with the anchor attached to his side. The marine monster had evidently been swimming near the bottom of the ocean when he came in contact with and became attached to the hook of the anchor. Once on the surface, the maddened whale tore through the water at a frantic rate, so fast as to nearly submerge the bows. The captain and cook were taken by surprise, but soon recovered. They found that they were rapidly losing sight of their crew in the dories and would leave them alone on the ocean, and were also in danger of being towed under. Their only recourse was to cut the cable and free the vessel. This was done and the jibs and foresail hoisted, when they returned and secured their crew. The vessel was put on the course for Newfoundland, where a new cable and anchor was secured.

WITH DESIGN.

The Sultana was Blown up by the Rebels—A Fearful Charge.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 7.—(Special.)—The awful explosion on the steamer Sultana, near Memphis, 23 years ago, in which nearly 2,000 Union soldiers lost their lives has always been a mystery. The survivors at their reunions have recently made a number of statements regarding the affair, but the most sensational story has been told by a resident of this city, William C. Streeter.

His statement fixes the explosion as the result of design. He claims that a noted Confederate blockade runner and mail carrier named Robert Lowden, better known during the war as Charles Dale, was the author of the terrible disaster. Streeter claims that Lowder told him after the war, that while the Sultana lay at Memphis wharf, he smuggled aboard a large lump of coal in which was concealed a torpedo.

This he deposited in the fuel pile in front of the boilers for the express purpose of causing the destruction of the boat. Whether the responsibility for the awful crime rested solely with Lowden or whether he was acting under the direction of others, Streeter is unable to say. Lowden had an adventurous career, being captured several tines while running blockades and once narrowly escaping execution. What has become of him is not known.

WASHED INTO THE RIVER.

A Terrible Rain Storm West of Wichita, Kan.

WICHITA, KAN., May 7.—(Special.)—A strange atmospherical phenomenon was witnessed at Maize, west of this city, yesterday. A storm cloud burst and extended over a space, parallelogram in form, about 500 yards wide and one mile in length. For half an hour the rain came down in torrents. The heavens were black and a darkness almost equal to that of night covered the entire scene.

People ran frightened from their homes, many crying that the end of the world had come. Maize is situated on the South bank of the Arkansas river and the streets were turned into rivers, which fortunately found outlets into the Arkansas. An eyewitness describes the rain as coming down in torrents, washing away a number of houses, and moving others from foundations.

A house in which a family named Rockby lived was picked up by the floods and carried into the Arkansas river, where it sank, drowning Rockby, his wife and two children. A number of narrow escapes are reported. The water from the cloud seemed to come straight down, and could not have been thicker had it found its source from a lake in the air. The bodies of the Rockby family have not yet been recovered. The amount of damage will be very large. A great many head of horses and cattle were drowned.

THE CROPS.

Conditions Still Unfavorable in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

MINNEAPOLIS, May 3.—The *Northwestern Miller's* crop review is as follows: April closed under nearly the same conditions that the month opened with, save this improvement, that in many portions of the winter wheat belt, the ravages of chinch insects have developed in nearly every state in the winter wheat belt, more particularly, however, in Southern Illinois and Kansas, they have been held back from doing any damage except locally by the cold weather which has been the prevailing feature of April.

Looking at the situation as a whole, in the area north of the Ohio river and west to the Mississippi, probably at no time in the history of this crop was the outlook in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois as poor as it is to-day. Reports from millers and elevator men along the lines of the Northern Pacific and the Manitoba roads as far north as Grand Forks show that the ground is in excellent condition and seeding has been progressing satisfactorily up to the 1st of May.

THE FARMERS' TRUST.

The Plan of the Report Sent Out in the Call Favorably Received.

TOPEKA, KAN., May 2.—The convention called for the organization of a farmers trust met here yesterday and was attended by about 200 delegates, mostly from Kansas, the remainder coming from the Mississippi valley. Permanent organization was affected and ex-Governor David Butler, of Nebraska, selected for president; Cleveland Moulton, of Missouri, vice-president and J. B. Ferguson, of Kansas, secretary.

Addresses were made by Governor Butler and ex-Governor Glick, of Kansas. The committee on resolutions made a report favoring the plan of procedure set forth in the call for the convention—the establishment of ten central agencies to do all the selling for the members of the association. This report was discussed all evening but no definite plan was determined upon.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

OUR FINANCES.

Statement of The Public Debt for the Month of March.

WASHINGTON, May 3.—The following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued to day:

Interest Bearing Debt.	
Bonds at 4½ per cent	$ 228,054,600
Bonds at 4 per cent	731,380,350
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	141,300
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent.	14,000,000
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512
Principal	1,038,199,762
Interest	7,565,343
Total	$1,045,765,105
Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.	
Principal	$ 2,675,155
Interest	170,874
Total	$ 2,846,029
Debt Bearing No Interest.	
Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,956
Certificates of deposit	10,555,000
Gold certificates	99,561,293
Silver certificates	194,426,332
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,941,061
Principal	$ 658,222,242
Total Debt.	
Principal	$1,699,097,159
Interest	7,736,217
Total	$1,706,833,376
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	314,955,552
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000
Total debt—less available cash items	$1,291,877,824
Net cash in the treasury	110,244,969
Debt less cash in the treasury May 1, 1888	1,181,632,855
Debt less cash in the treasury April 1, 1888	$1,190,868,155
Decrease of debt during month	9,235,300
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1887	97,795,831
Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	$ 99,561,293
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	164,426,932
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	10,555,000
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	10,411,373
Fractional currency	954
Total available for reduction of the debt	$ 314,955,552
Reserve Fund.	
Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000
Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.	
Fractional silver coin	$ 25,750,228
Minor coin	148,169
Total	$ 25,898,398
Certificates held as cash	39,260,060
Net cash balance on hand	110,244,969
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	590,368,518

SENATORS' WRANGLES.

When They Say Unpleasant Things of Each Other They Are Seldom Printed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4.—When unseemly language is used in the House or Senate it is usually suppressed in the reports of that excellent family periodical, the *Congressional Record*. But the pleasant things that Senators Ingalis and Voorhees said to each other on the floor of the *Record* without softening or abridgment. In cold type the Senator from Indiana tells the Senator from Kansas that he is a great liar, and in permanent black and white the Senator from Kansas tells the Senator from Indiana that if the Senate were a police court the Senator from Indiana would be sent to the rock-pile for being drunk and disorderly.

In the press reports this pretty observation was softened into the innocuous remark that the Senator from Indiana was disorderly, but the *Record* prints it just as Mr. Ingalis said it. Mr Ingalis's main speech does not appear; it is held for revision. Mr. Voorhees' speech in reply appears in full, and it looks a little funny, as there is nothing before it in the Senate to explain it.

A year or two ago Mr. Van Wyck made some remarks not very complimentary to another senator, but after he got through he concluded that there was no necessity of having them appear in the *Record*, so he did what custom has sanctioned—struck them out. But it happened that Senator Hawley had a reply, and of course Senator Van Wyck did not touch this. The reply looked very funny when there was nothing to reply to, and Senator Hawley called the attention of the Senate to it.

The result was that Senator Van Wyck restored to the *Record* what he was willing in the interest of harmony and good fellowship to leave out. Three or four years ago Senator Ingalis made a savage attack on Senator Brown. Brown can write a pretty good piece, but he is so incapable of making speech that even under the sting of Ingalis's caustic language he could say nothing except that he would reply to the Senator from Kansas next day. The essay which he drawled out the next day fell pretty flat. One of Brown's friends was very sorry for the old man from Georgia and attempted to condole with him. He told the Senator how much his many friends regretted the late unhappy incident in the Senate. Brown evidently thought that he had mopped up the ground with Ingalis, and, stroking his long white beard, he said: "Yes, it was unfortunate, but I had to do it, I had to do it."

VERBAL BUCKSHOT.

He Drew Voorhees Out With a Blank Charge and Then Settled Him.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4.—Senator John P. Jones is telling a story suggested by the Ingalls-Vorhees mouth-duel. A man was hanging around the tavern in a mining town in Nevada without any money and wondering whether it would be practicable to get away with a dinner, when the proprietor surprised him by going up to the loafer with a double barreled shot-gun and firing one barrel. The hungry and impecunious person asked what he fired at. The hotel proprietor answered: "I didn't fire at anything. The buckshot is in the other barrel. I fire a blank cartridge to call the miners to dinner and I collect with the buckshot." "So," said Senator Jones, "Ingalis called Voorhees up with a charge of gun-wadding and he collected his account with a charge of buckshot."

CHARLES LYMAN,

The Former Chief of the Dead Letter Office Died Yesterday.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 4.—Mr. Charles Lyman, for many years at the head of the dead letter office of the post office department died at his residence in this city yesterday evening in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Lyman came to Washington about twenty-seven years ago and was put in charge of the dead letter office at a time when its business was all transacted by himself and one clerk. Under his direction the office grew to its present proportions.

In the House.

MR. DUNN, of Arkansas, from the committee on merchant marine and fisheries, reported, and the house adopted, a resolution calling on the secretary of the treasury for a statement as to whether there is in order or regulation of the treasury department, the enforcement of which would prevent the overloading of vessels with freight on the great lakes, and whether there is any law in force regulating the quantity of freight to be carried by such vessels.

MR. JOHNSTON, of Indiana, from the committee on Elections, submitted a report in the Calaforia contested election case of Lynch vs. Vandever, and it was referred to the House calendar. The report is unanimously in favor of Vandever, the setting member.

Private business having been dispensed with the House went into committee of the whole (Mr. Springer, of Illinois, in the chair) on the tariff bill.

WAS CROWDED OUT.

Nash Had to Go in Order to Smooth the Paths in Indiana—Some Gossip.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—The simple announcement that Superintendent Nash, of the railway mail service, had tendered his resignation was a source of a flattering business opening that awaited him, did not deceive every one as to the real cause of his leaving the department. The resignation had nothing to do with any business venture. Some weeks ago C. R. Faulkner, of Indiana, a chief of division in the Penden Office, wrote a letter to Nash asking that a son-in-law of his in the mail service be transferred from a "run" in Illinois to one in Indiana, so as to bring him nearer home. Nash wrote back a letter that considerably nettled Faulkner.

Nash intimated strongly that he could run the railway mail service without any suggestions from Faulkner; whereupon the latter sat himself down and sent one of the sauciest epistles to Nash of which he was capable. A grammar or a spelling book has no terrors for the Hoosier, but in this case he had some one write the letter for him so that his meaning would not be mistaken. As soon as Nash read the letter he at once laid it before the postmaster-general, who promptly referred it to the secretary of the interior. The latter had been the means of bringing Nash from the wilds of Wisconsin to take a place in the postoffice department, and he did not hesitate to take sides immediately against Faulkner.

MELLVILLE W. FULLER.

His Nomination Sent to a Sub-Committee —Will He Accept.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—At the meeting of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary today no action was taken on the nomination of Melville W. Fuller to be Chief Justice, except the formal reference to a sub-committee. It is claimed by some in Washington that Mr. Fuller may not accept the appointment. He has refused a number of lucrative positions and some of his friends say that as yet he has not signified to the president whether or not he would accept. Mr. Fuller's practice is equally as lucrative as that of a Chief Justice and he has made associations in Chicago with which he is not eager to part.

MELVILLE W. FULLER

TAKEN UP AT LAST.

The River and Harbor Bill Receives Attention in the House.

WASHINGTON, May 7.—(Special.)—Immediately after the call of states to-day, Mr. Blanchard, of Louisiana, was recognized by the Speaker and moved to suspend the rules and pass the River and Harbor bill.

Mr. Blanchard's request to dispense with the reading of the bill was objected to and the long bill is being read in detail. The preliminary vote on seconding the motion to suspend the river and harbor bill resulted, yeas, 153; nays, 14. The majority of the opponents of the bill refraining from voting.

LATER—The River and Harbor bill has passed the House.

VOORHEES APOLOGIZES

For His Drunkenn in the Senate Chamber Recently.

WASHINGTON, May 8.—(Special.)—At the conclusion of the morning business, Senator Voorhees arose, and, after stating that he had been ill for almost a week, said: "Referring to a discussion in which I participated last week, I desire to say to the Senate that however severe the provocation which was given, yet I made use of language at that time contrary to the rules of this body, parliamentary rules and usage, and the decorum of the Senate.

"I regret having used such language, and tender a proper apology to the Senate of the United States for doing so.

"My high respect for the dignity of this body, of which I have so long been a member, as well as my self respect, induce me to make this statement."

The Senate then proceeded with routine business.

Congress.

MAY 1.—Senate—Bill introduced: Appropriating $100,000 for the extirpation of yellow fever in the United States....Bill passed: Appropriating $100,000 for public building at Emporia, kas....Resolutions adopted: Calling on secretary of treasury for certain information as to coinage.... Senator Ingalis addressed the Senate in reply to Senator Voorhees.

House—The tariff bill occupied the attention of the body, speeches being made by Messrs. McCreary, Foran, Dorsey, and O'Ferrell.

MAY 2.—Senate—Bills passed: Appropriating $125,000 for the enlargement of postoffice building in Indianapolis with an amendment increasing the amount to $150,000; appropriating $100,000 for a public building at Atchison, Kan.; to authorize the building of a railroad bridge at Little Rock, Ark.; for public buildings at Fort Dodge, Ia. (Senate bill $100,000); Sterling, Ill. (Senate bill $50,000); Duluth, Minn. (House bill $150,000); granting the right of way (100 feet wide) to the Fort Smith & Drdanelle railway company through the Indian Territory, and authorizing the construction of a railroad bridge across the Arkansas river at Fort Smith; Senate bill to provide for the sale to actual settlers under the homesteak laws of the Fort Sedgwick military reservation in Colorado and Nebraska.

House—The day was spent discussing the tariff bill.

MAY 3.—Senate.—Bills introduced: To prohibit Chinese immigration. The bills of land forfeiture; to establish a bureau of animal industry, were discussed.

House—Bill passed: Authorizing the construction of a railroad bridge at Little Rock, Ark. Mr. Belmont (N. Y.) presented and the House adopted the conference report on the joint resolution accepting, on behalf of the United States, the invitation of the French government to hold an international exhibition to be held in Paris in 1889. The commissioner representing the United States will receive a salary of $10,000. The House then went into committee of the whole (Mr. Springer, of Illinois, in the chair) on the tariff bill.

MAY 4.—Senate—Not in session.

House—The day was spent in discussing the tariff bill.

MAY 5.—Senate—Not in session.

House—The day was spent in discussing the tariff bill.

MAY 7.—*Senate*—Resolutions adopted to enable the President of the United States to extend to certain inhabitants of Havana suitable recognition of their humane treatment of the survivors of the crew of the American bark Cashmere.—The land forfeiture and animal industry bureau bills were discussed but not disposed of.

House—Bills introduced: Appropriating $50,000 for statue of Gen. W. S. Hancock. Bills passed: Authorizing secretary of the Treasury to pay out certain moneys for cancellation of outstanding obligations; to forfeit certain lands in Colorado; making appropriations for rivers and harbors.

CORN IS CORNERED.

A Chicago Syndicate Has All of That Commodity in Sight.

CHICAGO, May 8.—(Special.)—That there is a syndicate behind corn is now definitely settled. In fact, its personnel, or part of it, is known to a select few on change. A local banker and two wealthy local merchants constitute the party and they are practically in control of all the corn in sight. According to reports which are believed to be reliable, these three gentlemen, believing all corn was legitimately worth more money, began to buy it early last winter.

They have been at it ever since. With the exception of a small lot which is in the control of a Buffalo glucose factory, and a larger quantity which was bought by the McCormick people at St. Louis for foreign export, nearly all the available corn has passed into their hands. With few exceptions the shippers and receivers did their buying for them, as they could do it without attracting so much attention as the regular speculators.

Quietly, and from day to day, for weeks and months, they have picked up May corn until their holdings became something enormous. As the time for a settlement of the May business drew near, however, they began to let the shorts change their May contracts to June at two cents difference. This has continued for a short time only. Shorts in the May future, realizing their inability to fill their contracts, have been more than willing to make the change, and at the two cents difference it is profitable to the syndicate.

There will be no corner say the syndicate, but local shippers will not be allowed to hold values down while the legitimate demand justifies higher prices. Meanwhile two commission houses are practically controlling the cash corn for them, and every bushel that goes out never comes back.

The syndicate knows whether it is going to supply genuine consumptive demand before they let go of it. The line of march as marked out by the syndicate is to keep corn well up to 60 cents for all of the months up to the marketing of the new crop, and incidentally, of course, to make money out of the transaction.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

Arrangements Being Made for Elaborate Decorations—The Auditorium Being Steadily Erected.

CHICAGO, May 7.—The sub-committee of the National Republican committee, composed of Powell Clayton, of Arkansas; C. S. Clarkson, of Iowa, and A. L. Conger, of Ohio, met the local committee of arrangements. The amount guaranteed by the latter body has been nearly subscribed. A report was also made to the sub-committee concerning the elaborate decorations which will appear in the convention hall. The great auditorium building is no going up at the rate of a story in ten days, and there exists no doubt that the structure will be in a proper condition for convention purposes by the time the Republicans gather next month. The sub-committee paid a visit to the building, and left satisfied with the prospects.

POLITICAL GOSSIP.

California Takes a Decided Stand Against the Chinese—Regrets Mr. Blaine's Withdrawal.

SACRAMENTO, Cal., May 2.—The resolutions adopted at last night's session of the Republican convention, eulogize the services to the state of Senator Stanford; denounce the Chinese treaty; demands the repeal and abrogation of all laws and treaties allowing Chinamen to land in this country, and the enactment of such laws as will speedily rid the country of those now here; denounce the treaties suggested by the President and his secretary of state as mere trifling with the great question; proclaims allegiance to the doctrine of protection.

The resolutions endorse the action of the United Senate in its amendment to the so-called bond purchase bill, made in the interest of silver coinage, and denounce the action of the Democratic party representatives in smothering bills favoring the issue by the government of certificates for every dollar of silver in the treasury; favors such legislation as will prevent the coming of anarchists, socialists, etc., into the country; demand strict enforcement of the foreign contract labor law; favor nonsectarian schools; denounce the efforts now being made to alter the American protective system.

The resolutions express regret at the refusal of James G. Blaine to allow his name to be used as a candidate at the coming national convention, and reiterates confidence in his integrity and eminent ability.

Creed Haymond and John F. Swift, of San Francisco; Morris M. Estee, of Napa, and Henry T. Gage, of Los Angeles, were selected delegates-at-large to the national convention.

IDAHO REPUBLICANS.

The Convention Full of Enthusiasm—Delegates Uninstructed.

BOISE CITY, Idaho, May 3.—The Territorial Republican convention which met here yesterday, was one of the largest and most enthusiastic ever held in the territory. Hon. W. B. Heyburne of Cduer D'Alene, and George A. Black of Hailey county, were elected delegates to the Chicago convention with Willis Sweet and Joseph Pinkham as alternates. Col. George L. Shoup was named for member of the National committee. The delegates were not instructed.

The platform reaffirms devotion to the principles of the party; declares unalterable opposition to any division of its territory; denounces the efforts of Senator Stewart to eliminate Idaho from the map of the United States, it being the richest of all the territories; considers the Idaho test oath a safeguard against Mormon overthrow of American institutions and opposes any repeal of the same; opposes the efforts of the Democratic party to place lead on the free list.

It extends to unhappy Ireland heartfelt sympathy in her heroic struggle for home rule; urges upon Congress the necessity and feasibility of reclaiming public aid to the territories for the purpose of reclaiming desert land by irrigation; and asks Congress to pass an act providing that full and complete restriction be placed by national edict upon the further immigration of Chinese.

ILLINOIS FOR GRESHAM.

An Enthusiastic Convention—The Platform and Resolutions.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 3.—Congressman Payson was chosen chairman of the Illinois Republican State convention that assembled here yesterday. At the conclusion of Mr. Payson's speech on taking the chair the convention took a recess until 3 o'clock.

When that body reassembled a resolution was submitted which caused some discussion, recommending the delegates to the National convention to give Judge Gresham their hearty support for the nomination of President. Motions to strike out the name of Gresham and in lieu thereof of Senator Cullom, to send the document to the committee on Resolutions, and to lay the whole matter on the table, were all defeated, after which the resolution was adopted almost unanimously. A resolution was then presented and adopted declaring full confidence in the wisdom, patriotism and integrity of Shelby M. Cullom.

CONKLING AND BLAINE.

Why Roscoe Did Not Support James G. in the Last Campaign.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 8.—The *American* to-morrow will publish an interview with A. M. Hughes, jr., chairman of the Republican State Executive committee, regarding the failure of Roscoe Conkling to actively support James G. Blaine in the last Presidential canvass. Mr. Hughes gives the facts, never before made public. In brief, Mr. Hughes said that soon after Mr. Blaine was nominated Senator Chaffee, the father-in-law of U. S. Grant, jr., and one of the foremost Republicans in the west, recognizing the importance of securing the assistance of Mr. Conkling for Mr. Blaine in New York, came east and went to New York for that especial purpose; that Senator Chaffee, as the result of a prolonged and earnest conference with Mr. Conkling, secured from him the promise that if Mr. Blaine would write him a personal letter requesting his assistance, that he (Mr. Conkling) would reply in an open letter with a pledge to actively support him in the canvass; that Senator Chaffee, enthused at his success with Mr. Conkling, got on the first train which left New York after this pledge was given by him, and went to see Mr. Blaine at his home in Maine. The situation was explained and Mr. Blaine promptly wrote the desired letter to Mr. Conkling. This letter was given to Walker Blaine to be carried by him in person to Mr. Conkling, a delicate compliment and Senator Chaffee rejoiced that his mission was done, disappeared from the scene. He anxiously awaited the publication of the response from Mr. Conkling. But never was a treatment of the survivors of the crew of the American bark Cashmere.—The land forfeiture and animal industry bureau bills were discussed but not disposed of.

House—Bills introduced: Appropriating $50,000 for statue of Gen. W. S. Hancock. Bills passed: Authorizing secretary of the Treasury to pay out certain moneys for cancellation of outstanding obligations; to forfeit certain lands in Colorado; making appropriations for rivers and harbors.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE SPEAKS.

No Free Trade in Theirs—Cleveland Severely Condemned.

CONCORD, N. H., May 8.—The Republican State convention to elect delegates to the National convention, met to-day, and was called to order by J. H. Gallinger, who made a short address of congratulation upon the favorable outlook for the party. His reference to the surplus was greeted with long continued applause.

Henry E. Burnham, of Manchester, was chosen permanent chairman. He made a long address in which he reviewed the career and achievements of the Republican party and its great benefit to the country, while the Democratic party has given us "Grover Cleveland and three years of pretence and impotency—subserviency to the free traders of the South and shameful surrenderings of the great American interests entrusted to his keeping, and administration which has been a constant menace to our most important business interests and which has finally proclaimed its hostility to long established policy of this county, under which it has attained its greatest prosperity."

The speaker condemned the pension vetoes of the President, the failure of the American government to protect its citizens in foreign countries and its native fishermen, and condemns the action of Democratic members of Congress on the direct tax bill.

The speaker denounced Cleveland's letter on the tariff. The tariff, he said, undoubtedly needs revising because of injustice and irregularities in some of its provisions, but the tariff bill now being considered is not merely to correct and reform; it is rather to destroy—as far as they now venture to go—the principle of protection contained in the present tariff.

The platform denounces the administration for its tariff policy; for its pension policy; for its fisheries policy, and for its pretence of civil service reform.

The platform is particularly severe upon the wool clause in the Mills tariff bill.

It denounces the Democratic party for identifying itself with the interests of the liquor dealers throughout the country, and instructs the delegates this day elected to Chicago, to use every honorable effort to place in nomination for president that man who commands universal confidence, defy every assault and be resistless at the polls.

A ticket that in its triumph, which we unhesitatingly predict, shall restore the government to the only party that is national in its aims and just in its purposes.

The result of the first ballot showed the election as delegates of Pierson Cheney, of Manchester; Jacob H. Goldinger, of Concord; Hiram A. Tuttle, of Pittsfield.

There was no choice of fourth delegate and Alfred T. Batcheider, of Keene, the next highest on the list, was chosen by acclamation.

Delegates at large uninstructed but their Presidential preferences are understood to be as follows: Cheney and Batchelder, for Depew; Gallinger, for Harrison; Tuttle for any man who can carry New York.

Michigan Delegates.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 8.—The district delegates were chosen by the five districts here to-day as follows: Fifth district, A. B. Watson, Cyril P. Brown; alternates, John Crisp, James H. Kidd. Sixth district, Wm. McPherson, Wm. B. McCreery; alternates, C. S. Brown, J. Sumner Rogers. Seventh district, Edgar Weeks, Harrison Gee; alternates, John McGill, Jas. S. Ayers. Ninth district, E. O. Shaw, Geo. W. Crawford; alternates, Wm. Mears, T. S. Gurney. Eleventh district, S. M. Stephenson, Perry Hannah; alternates, Joseph Sellwood, W. H. Rood.

FOUND WITH HIS SKULL CRUSHED.

Banker Hatch Found Dead in Mrs. Scofield's Back Yard.

NEW YORK, May 8.—The dead body of Nathaniel W. T. Hatch, a banker and broker at 14 Nassau street, was found this morning by a workman in the yard in the rear of No. 64 West Twentieth street.

The story of how he came to his death cannot now be told, but there is the story told by Mrs. Lillian Scofield, a richly dressed and handsome womon of about 30 years, to suggest a suspicion of a murder actuated by jealousy.

Mrs. Scofield was taken to the West Thirtieth street police station soon after the discovery of the body. She and her husband Charles W. Scofield lived in apartments at the address given.

Mrs. Scofield said she dined with Hatch last night, at a restaurant in West Twenty-Seventh street, a place known as Mme. Fanmys.

It was within half an hour of midnight when they left the restaurant, and Mr. Hatch accompanied her home. Arriving there, she invited him in, she said, in order to show him her apartments.

Mr. Scofield was at the time asleep in the back parlor, but was aroused by the movements of his wife and Hatch. The latter was hastily concealed in a room on the second floor, and Mrs. Scofield turned to meet her husband.

Scofield's jealousy was aroused to a hot pitch, and he questioned his wife in a most violent way concerning the man who had been with her. She steadfastly refused to give the man's name, and insisted that he had left the house. There was a lively quarrel between husband and wife, which only ended when Scofield left the house.

The woman heard nothing more. She searched the room where she had left Hatch, but could not find him there or in any of the surrounding apartments, and thought he had left the house.

She retired and knew no more of the broker, or of what happened in the night, until the body was discovered in the yard this morning. Mrs. Schofield was pale, but told her story with the utmost calmness to Sergeant Schmittberger, giving evidence of no agitation.

The husband, Charles W. Scofield, was also taken to the station house. He was formerly a broker and in good circumstances. He has been away from home for a considerable time. He told the police that he had cause on several occasions to doubt his wife's fidelity. Scofield and his wife were held at the police station to await the action of Deputy Coroner Schoer, who had been notified of Hatch's death.

The skull of the dead man was fractured. Mr. Hatch was a member of the firm of Walter T. Hatch & Sons, bankers and brokers at 14 Nassau street, and was the eldest son of the senior member of the firm.

He was 33 years old, and lived with his wife in a handsome and well furnished house at 34 West Fifty-third street. Until a few years ago he resided in Brooklyn, where his wife was one of the most prominent ladies in society on the Heights.

THE CORONER'S VERDICT.

Later—At the Coroner's inquest Mr. and Mrs. Scofield were examined. From their testimony it was evident that Hatch was killed by falling from the bath room window while trying to escape from the husband of his friend, Mrs. Scofield. The prisoners were therefore released.

FEAR OF FREE TRADE.

The Biggest Commission House in the United States Goes Under—Millions of Dollars Involved.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—The wholesale commission house of Wm. T. Coleman & Co. made an assignment to-day to L. I. Baber and Louis Sloss for the benefit of their creditors. Frank S. Johnson, managing partner of the firm, submitted a statement to the effect that the firm was unable to realize upon its assets immediately, and in view of pressing engagements in New York, where a call upon them for money was urgent, they decided to make an assignment in order to prevent the dissipation of their property.

Mr. Johnson places the assets of the firm at from $4,000,000 to $4,500,000, and the liabilities at $2,000,000. The indebtedness in California, with the exception of a number of small amounts, is confined to four banks and two individuals. Mr. Johnson further states that among the most valuable assets of the firm is borax, a property which is valued at $2,000,000, and that negotiations for the sale of which were in a fair way to be consummated when the announcement of the tariff bill placing borax on the free list, tended to defeat the efforts in that direction. The firm feel confident that the resources are sufficient to more than meet all engagements.

The banks mentioned as creditors are the bank of California, bank of British Columbia, Nevada bank and bank of British North America. The firm is indebted to the bank of California to the amount of $190,000, of which $130,000 is secured. It is estimated that the firm owes the bank of British Columbia, $100,000, Nevada bank, $220,000, and bank of British North America, $100,000. It is stated that of the whole amount of Coleman & Co.'s indebtedness one-half is in this state and the other half is in the East, the greater part of the latter being held by New England banks. The assignments made to-day were made by both, by the firm and William T. Coleman as an individual.

The foundation of the firm of William T. Coleman dates back to 1849, since which time the house has taken a foremost place in business interests of the coast. The house has agencies in Astoria, On., New York, Chicago and London. It also acts as agent for a large number of manufacturing and producing establishments and for the principal salmon canneries of the Pacific coast. The shipping department is agent for several lines of clippers to and from Australia, China and other ports. The business of the firm is said to amount to $14,000,000 per year.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 8.—W. T. Coleman, in an interview regarding the assignment of his firm, said: "I needed $300,000 to meet obligations in New York due within a few days, and could not raise the amount without making promises and assuming obligations that I saw no probability of meeting."

Mr. Coleman stated positively that the failure was not due to outside speculation.

HILL VETOED IT.

New York's Saturday Half Holiday Will Remain for a Time.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 8.—Gov. Hill to-day vetoed the bill passed by the legislature repealing the law passed last year making Saturday afternoon a half holiday. The repealing bill was passed by majorities in both houses large enough to pass it over the governor's veto.

Crop Review.

CHICAGO, May 7.—The *Farmers' Review* in its crop review this week will say: The drought which at the time of our last report had become quite a serious matter, has since then fortunately been broken by nearly general rains of sufficient abundance to start the stagnated grass into life again, and materially assist the struggling wheat plants. More time, however, must elapse before reports from the country indicate the amount of benefit to the grass and wheat fields from these rains, and this week our correspondents only in a few instances refer to improvement in the condition of crops as a consequence of the showers.

Discouraging Outlook in Michigan.

LANSING, Mich., May 8.—Advance figures from the forthcoming Michigan monthly crop report indicate but 68 per cent. of an average crop of wheat. The crop of 1887 was 22,813,000 bushel. The condition of this year's crop is reported 21 per cent. lower than one year ago, and the outlook is most discouraging.

Three Thousand Persons Drowned in the Canton River.

LONDON, May 8.—Three thousand persons have been drowned by a flood in the Canton river.

A severe earthquake is reported in Japan.

Against the Pope.

DUBLIN, May 8.—A National League meeting, held at Ballygo to-day, adopted resolutions condemning the Pope's rescript and pledging support to Parnell.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Fearful Lest a Social Uprising Shall Occur In Germany.

NEW YORK, May 4.—The *Evening Sun* has a cablegram from London saying that the Sun's Berlin correspondent, Blakely Hall, is unable to send telegrams and letters from Berlin describing the real situation there, on account of the rigid censorship maintained by the government. He has conveyed to London secretly the following information: "There are grave fears of a social uprising here. All telegrams that I have tried to get through the office here have been stopped by the government and I have just learned that my mail is also inspected. I hope, however, this will reach you owing to the precautions taken. When the Crown Prince rode out to the reviewing ground to-day (May 1